

A stylized Art Deco illustration. On the left, a tall, angular building with vertical lines is depicted. To its right, a rainbow with multiple bands of color arches across the sky. The overall style is geometric and modern.

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1933



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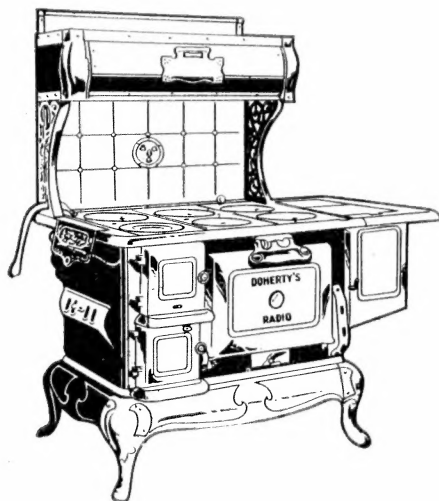
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THE COLLEGIATE

*Published in the Interests of the Students of the Sarnia
Collegiate Institute and Technical School.*

19th Year of Publication

SARNIA

April, 1933

COVER DESIGN BY MARION PAYNE

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FOREWORD

DEPRESSION PROBLEMS WE ALL MUST SOLVE

AMUSEMENTS:

MOST of us, these days, have very little money with which to *buy* entertainment. What then? Why, we simply have to learn to depend on ourselves—play games instead of merely watching others play them; join an or-



chestral or vocal group instead of merely listening to someone else make music; read a book, ride a hobby, draw, paint or construct things, instead of pining away because we can't take in every movie that comes to town! In other words—we have to develop our own resources for recreation instead of being content with taking so much of it second-hand! And that's part of High School education! Now is your chance to learn how.

CHOOSING A VOCATION:

Prospects for a job when you leave school seem very remote? Doubtless the outlook at graduation is none too bright! What then? Well, work will still have to go on—that's very sure! The great difference will be that competition for the positions which do become vacant will be extremely keen. And what will employers demand? Simply, more for their money! More knowledge, more skill, more enthusiasm, more perseverance, more

character! And that's part of High School education. Now is your chance to prepare for the test.

BECOMING A CITIZEN—OF CANADA, AND THE WORLD:

Possibly this approaching responsibility isn't any too attractive? It has to be undertaken, all the same—and what a responsibility it is! So-called experts have fallen down badly during these last three or four years! Political, financial and economic leaders still grope about, contradict each other and themselves, and play for time.

We must, to be sure, have faith that new leaders will arise, men with more statesmanlike and more humanitarian ideals who shall give the lead to the rank and file of the coming citizens of our Country. And yet they can do little unless these same citizens are prepared to respond—prepared through some familiarity with world conditions and some intelligent interest in economics, but, above all, prepared through a patriotism which represents a real love for Canada, superior to mere party politics or empty jingoism, but which at the same time acknowledges the obligations of international understanding and good will. And that also is part of High School education. Now is your chance to fit yourself for this inevitable and extremely important task.—F. C. ASBURY.



Dedicated to

Miss Maude J. MacKay

who for the past eleven years has capably
and courteously performed the duties
of Secretary of our School



MAGAZINE STAFF

Back Row—John Kane, Bill Teskey, Don McGillivray, Harold Hannam, Frank Scarlatta, Leslie Isbister, Leslie Ball, Bill Doolan, Harry Turnbull, Harry Haines, Fred Rainsberry.
 Third Row—Art Hueston, Joe Woodcock, Owen Lockhart, Bob Hackney, Kenneth VanHorne, Gordon McKellar, Stuart Brydon, Blake Smith, Tom Doolan.
 Second Row—Dorothy Brooks, Patricia Duncan, Ivy Bazeley, Margaret MacLaren, Mildred Burge, Ruth Kilpatrick, Mabel Couse, Marie Hamilton, Doris Scott, Ella Tinkham.
 Front Row—Josephine Frenkowski, Miss Walsh, Miss Taylor, Leroy Smith, Gordon Ritchie, Mr. O'Donohue, Mr. Payne, Helen Burrowes.



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.. 1933 ..

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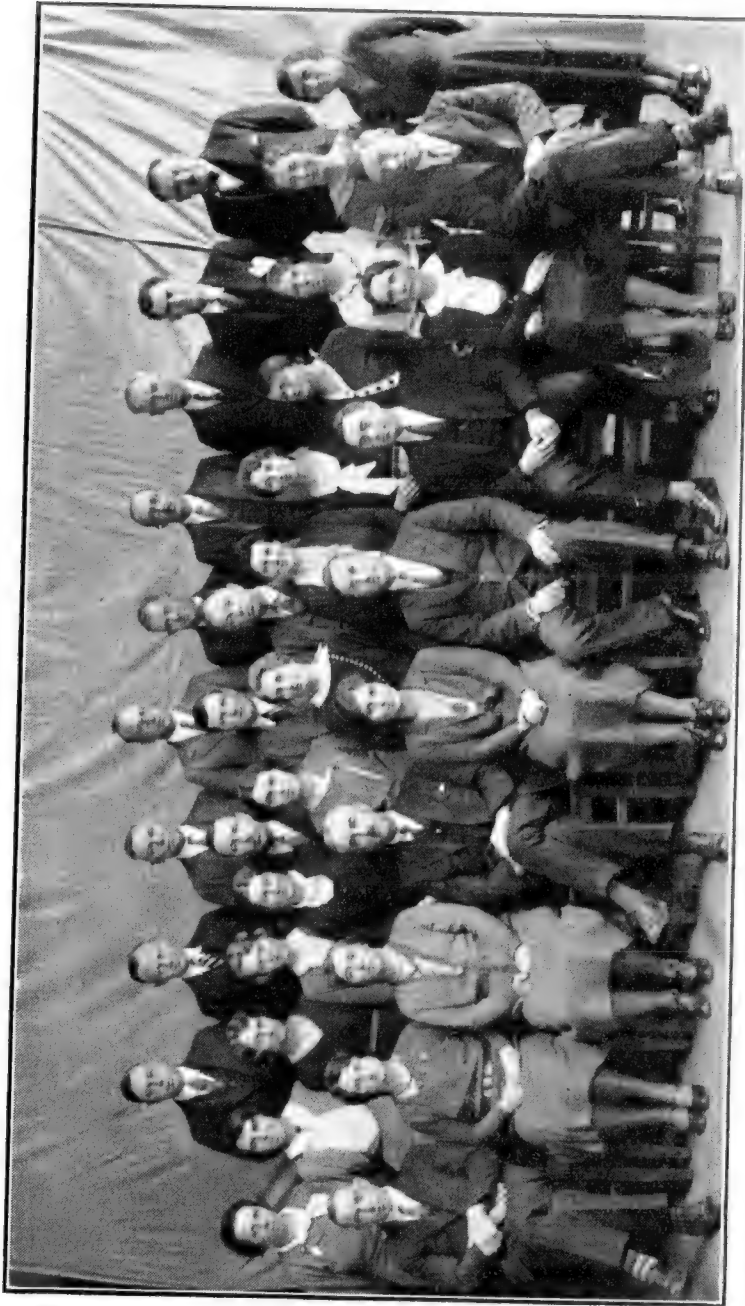
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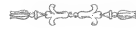


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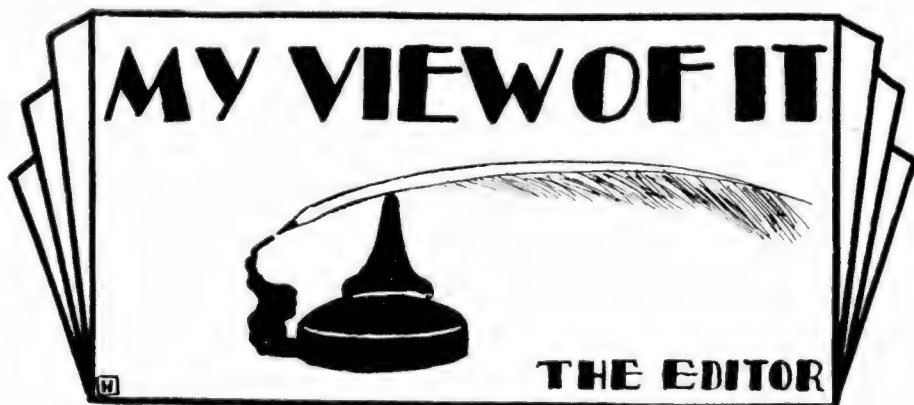
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REORGANIZATION

OWING to the omission of a "Collegiate" magazine last year, and the absence of a Senior Literary Society this year, it was extremely difficult to reorganize for this publication. However, it is felt that the members of the editorial staff who have been assigned to their respective positions are best fitted for them by virtue of their familiarity with that particular activity.

In previous years, the prevalent opinion seems to have been that the magazine was just a medium through which the editors of the different departments, and a few older members of the student body, expressed their ideas. This misunderstanding is, of course, absurd. The magazine is essentially the product of the entire student body, and, only when it is considered such, can we produce a magazine really worthy of our school.

Two years ago, in an effort to correct this serious mistake, the reorganization plan included the creation of a new office on the magazine staff, that of Junior Representative. It was the duty of this member to stimulate an interest in the

magazine, in the forms of the Lower School. The results of this experiment were only fairly satisfactory; so, this year, in order to give the junior pupils a real opportunity to contribute their material, each form is privileged to have a representative appointed to the magazine staff.

The concluding part of the reorganization is the recognition of the generous assistance given us by the girls of the typing class, under Miss Cruickshank's able supervision, in compiling this magazine. Their response to our need for proper arrangement of the material in type, has been very gratifying, and we thank them sincerely for their valuable help along this line. In the last publication of the "Collegiate", the names of those engaged in this work, were included in the business staff personnel; this very thoughtful and deserving gesture has been repeated this year.

We offer our sincere appreciation to Mr. Graham who has done our bookkeeping in the past and who has graciously agreed to do it again this year.

—W. A. R



LITERARY ACTIVITIES

AN unprejudiced comparison in all things is very beneficial, for, very often we become set in our habit and actions, and consider things outside our sphere of activities as being pigwidgeon and not worthy of our attention. A school must also look upon itself occasionally to see if it can stand the test of comparison. Does it favourably express all phases of school life, academic, sports, and literary activities? Unfortunately this combination is seldom found, and most unfortunately it is not found in our school.

A school with an attendance of twelve hundred students should have a medium through which its literary activities could be produced. Without this it may be compared to a Christmas tree which is void of any decoration. The most successful way is through something the seniors do not possess—a Senior Literary Society. May we offer our congratulations to the Juniors whose energetic spirit has produced two of these societies.

Most of the blame lies entirely with the students. Mr. Asbury, at the beginning of the fall term announced his readiness to aid in forming a society provided the students would take the initiative. But nobody would take the first step (this is becoming a habit). Other important factors needed are teachers and officers who are sufficiently interested in the work, and willing to spend considerable time on it. That is, to plan a variety of programmes

for in this is the key-note of success. Recollection is quite clear of a Literary Society which presented only debates (too much of a good thing) throughout the entire year—the result can be imagined. The students became bored; when opportunity presented a chance to skip they opened the door and went home.

It is hoped that in the future there will be a "Senior Lit." and that it will have enough intuition to present varied programmes such as plays, music, debates, and even a Glee Club presentation, which the Juniors have started.

All people are more gifted along certain lines than others. For instance, a pupil revolts against doing homework in mathematics, yet that same pupil will spend hours on a difficult passage in music and enjoy it. Is there any better way for a young student to develop his talent other than an organization similar to a Literary Society, and, at the same time relieve the monotony of disagreeable things? Proof for this statement is the fact that most of our best radio personalities first develop their talents in school organizations like a Literary Society.

We learn by experience, often it is costly. We hope that next year the disgrace is wiped out, and instead of being conspicuous by its absence, that the "Senior Lit." will be conspicuous because of a very successful year.

—L. C. S.





SCHOLARSHIPS



ELSIE E. RITCHIE

THAT our school upheld its academic standard at the departmental examinations last summer is evident if we review the records of our scholarship winners.

Elsie Eadie Ritchie reached the climax of her excellent scholastic career at the S. C. I. & T. S. by obtaining fifteen firsts on her examinations. This achievement gained for her the Margaret Anna Brock Scholarship in English and History, the James Harris Scholarship, the Robert Bruce Scholarship, and the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County. These scholarships netted her \$425, plus four years' free tuition. Miss Ritchie is now attending The University of Toron-

to and we wish her the same success she had while at this school.

In obtaining fourteen firsts and one second, David Michael Stanley almost equalled his classmate's record. He won the Sir Bertram Windle Scholarship awarded by St. Michael's College and also the second Carter Scholarship, which gives him \$160 and four years' free tuition. To him, we extend our best wishes for his continued success.

The D. M. Grant Scholarship for 1933 was awarded to John Herbert Henry Depew on his middle school standing. John is still with us and we wish him luck this summer.

Although not awarded on his departmental examinations we must mention the winning of the Hon. Vincent Massey Scholarship by Claude Cook. Claude is attending O.A.C. at Guelph.

Although this edition of our magazine is, strictly speaking, a record of the year 1932-1933, yet we feel we cannot pass over in silence the excellent achievements of our scholarship students of the preceding year.

On the departmental examinations of 1931 Mary Campbell Urquhart had the honour of receiving the Second Mary Mulock Scholarship; the Moses Henry Aitkins Scholarship; the Robert Bruce Scholarship; and also the First Carter Scholarship; a total of \$660 and four years' free tuition.

David Gordon Ritchie was awarded the D. M. Grant Scholarship of the value of \$50.00.

Owen Lockhart won the A. N. Hayes Scholarship of the value of \$50.



An editor doesn't have much to do, but sit at a desk, twelve months in the year, four weeks in a month, six days in a week, and edit such things as these:

* * * *

Did you know that Mr. Andrews has changed his position from Controller of the Waterworks to be a Private Detective? He catches most of his victims in the halls and locker-rooms during Assembly.

* * * *

Imagine Sisco's embarrassment when he was surprised trying to drown Shanks in the laboratory sink!!.

* * * *

So Doris Kilmour is another of these absent-minded girls who doesn't know where she's at. Especially in Mechanics, eh, Doris?

* * * *

Was Miss Walker's operation hemstitched?

* * * *

We didn't know Bob Hackney was in the hosiery business, (monkey?) until a certain embarrassing moment. Tsk-tsk! Things will come out you know, Bob.

* * * *

We wonder who the bright boy in T4 is who knows how the electric bell works. "Ting-a-ling!" says Allingham.

* * * *

Who was the boy that "Jo" Marshall fell for? The hall floor isn't so soft, is it "Jo"?

* * * *

We hear that the student body of the school are willing to buy Miss Martin a new pair of knuckles.

* * * *

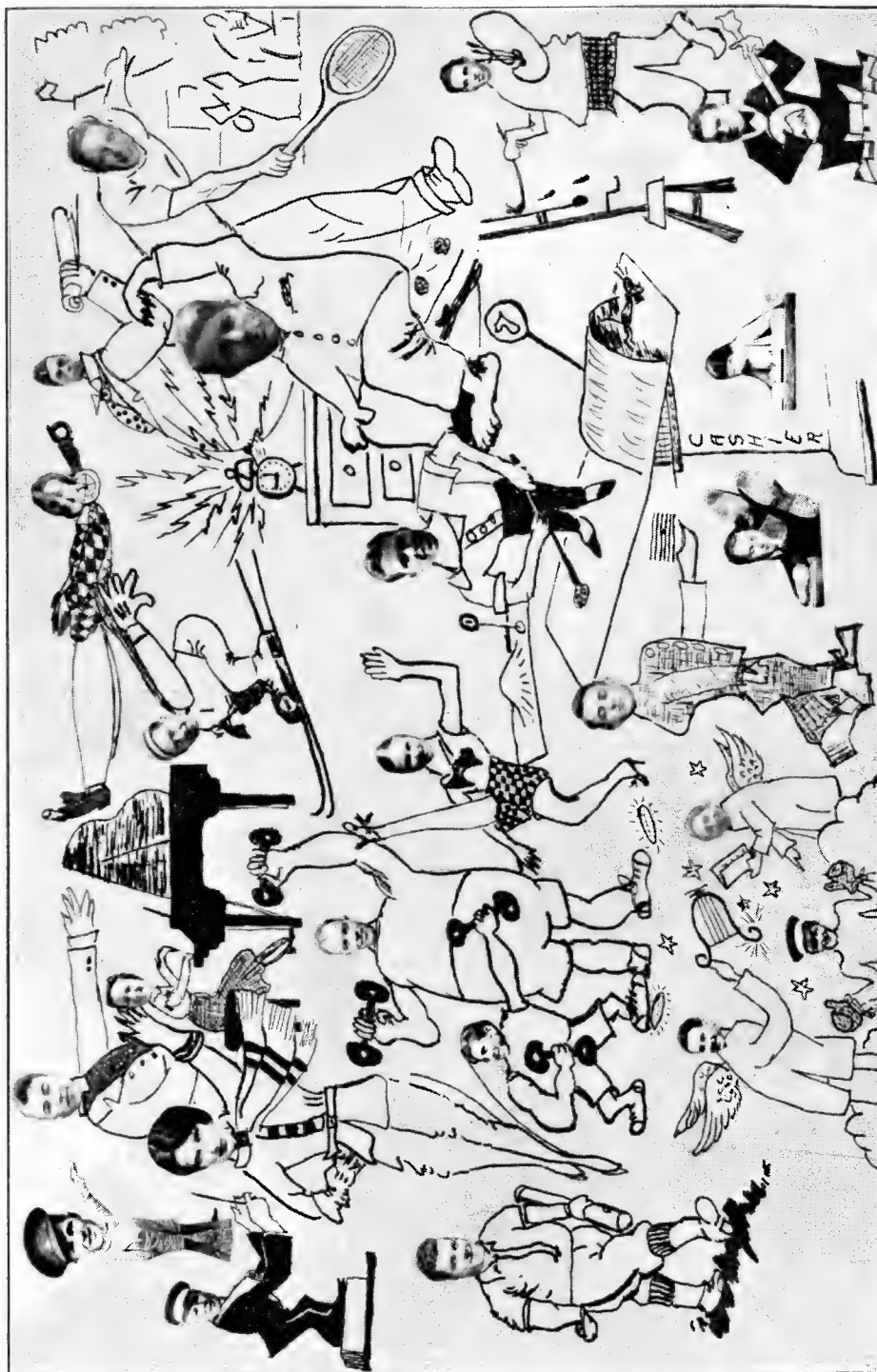
Did you know Mr. Andrews has an assistant now? Well, at least a diagram assistant. Mr. Prettie to you.

* * * *

Bill Reid doesn't write notes, but he says things to people on paper.

* * * *

The students in the Commercial Department wish to extend a hearty vote of thank, to Inspector Beatty for the removal of the guards on the typewriters.





Nellie Noodelwitch says (and only she can say it): A sapient salubrious somnolent son sempiternally and sedulously seeks some state of somnambulism after swallowing sedatively a sapient sample of a supersaturated saccharine solution of sarsaparilla.

* * * *

Was Mr. Ensor really thinking of O'Dell when he said: "Magnetic lines of force pass through glass and wood and even through human heads."

* * * *

THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE

John Kane sitting still for a whole period.

Mr. Dent with a noisy class.

Miss Taylor not getting embarrassed when reading a passage containing "Mon Dieu."

Marie Hamilton not making a reference to California.

Reg. Ewener not blushing when spoken to by a member of the staff.

Huck Lockhart dropping his eyes in modest confusion.

Grace Chambers being gloomy.

Sticky Austin making 100% in Shorthand.

Doris Scott saying "Youse ain't de guy wot brung me."

* * * *

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE ?

Miss Walsh—"I really don't like to do it but report back after four," and "Well, I am surprised at you."

Miss Walker—"Now, class, you can see the humour in that."

Miss Dalziel—"I'm on the war-path to-day. All those who had mistakes write out the rule 25 times.

Miss McLachlin—"Pass out, 1A."

Miss LaPiere—"Don't copy it off the board, it won't do you any good, you're only cheating yourself."

Mr. Dennis—"There's a boy down there, going to fall off that rocking chair, and he won't get Workman's Compensation either."

Miss Martin—"Now, I can see this far ahead."

Mr. Mendizabal—"Do 20 push-ups."

Mr. Andrews—"The vertices is equal."

Mr. O'Donohue—"Anything will do."

Mr. Dent—"Get ready to take these questions."

Mr. Coles—"Now be very sure you see this, eh folks?"

* * * *

Does the fact that Robert Nash and Ruth Humble are going to the Collegiate explain the crack in the assembly hall wall?

What inspired Dailey to say, "I love my teacher," in Miss Weir's room?

Could you imagine anything funnier than Bill Clark with insomnia?

Les Isbister wants to know if Mr. Andrews ever heard the old motto: "Better late than never"?

We wonder if Hazel Brown has seen the latest Garbo picture. If not, why the unusual coiffure ?

* * * *

Did Laurien feel embarrassed when one of the Junior Alerts nearly lost a very important part of his apparel?



"LOCAL LYRICS"

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Hey Young Fellow | Bill Clark |
| Goofus | Harry Turnbull |
| A Voice in the Old Village Choir | Marg. McKellar |
| Pink Elephants | Dick Geddes |
| Fit As a Fiddle | John Kane |
| Red Head | Homer L. |
| Three's a Crowd | Leo, Marj. and Ross |
| Poor Butterfly | Marie H. |
| Sweethearts | Billie and Bill |
| Listen to the German Band | S. C. I. Orchestra |
| A Boy and a Girl Were Dancing | Owen L. and ? |
| I'll See You in My Dreams | Nina and Garnie |
| My Darling | Jean N. and Bill T. |
| How Can I Get On Without You | Helen and Bob |
| Here It Is Monday and I Still Have a Dollar | Keith MacMillan |
| My River Home | Barbara W. |
| I'm Sure of Everything But You | The Exams |
| Try a Little Tenderness | Mr. Coles |
| Everyone Says I Love You | Winnie and Joe |
| Then I Found You | Locker Key |
| Till Tomorrow | Mid and Ken |
| Blue Moments | At School |
| Contented | Maizie and Leroy |
| Let's Put Out the Lights | Marg. McM. and Herbie T. |
| Try a Little Tenderness | S. C. I. Staff |
| Waltzing In a Dream | Doris and Tom |
| It's Within Your Power | Mr. Asbury |
| Brother, Can You Spare a Dime | Dinty McRae |

* * * *

Why meet her *inside* the show Saturday afternoon, Keith M.?

* * * *

Well! well! 2B. We've heard of giving our teacher flowers, but never flowers *and* a Boston Cream Pie!

* * * *

There has been an epidemic of cough-candies in 1D. (Speak-easies.)

* * * *

Miss Taylor—"And this professor claims that Americans do not know how to use their lips, as the Europeans do."

Oh, well! What does a professor know about it, anyway?

* * * *

FRESHETTE INITIATION

They made me wear a bonnet,
And shoes that wouldn't track,
'N' when I turned that somersault
There came a mighty whack.



FOUR A

1. Four A is the class of Miss Harris in blue
 "Now you tell us," says she—each morning—'tis true
 Some are quite clever, some just silly asses,
 But Miss Walker says "You're the best of my classes."
2. The Ramsay family, it's well represented,
 Now, let us turn to some more demented,
 We've Rainsberry large, and Doug. Simpson small
 Who does well in the high jump, though he's not very tall.
3. Barbara Winter, who to us from Nashville did come
 Has romantic Kay Nickell for her chum,
 While Barbara May, who fell on the stair
 With Marg. Doohan, debater, does make a pair.
4. Now for some boys—we have Woodrow, the clever,
 And Kenneth and Harry will be pals forever;
 Small Cecil Chesher, the pet of Miss Walker
 And Lawrence Hall, who is quite a talker.
5. Marg. Pearson was put in a Drama League play,
 And Dorothea English is never away;
 Clarabelle Stevens—she plays Danish rounders
 And in Greek it's our Lillian Hall who flounders.
6. McFarlane is the pride of Miss Martin's heart,
 Each Friday does Ritchie for Sombra depart;
 While Albert and Connors and Dennis and Lea
 Come in each day from the open countree.*
**N.B.—Poetic License.*
7. "My lesson's to-night" says Marg. Eacrett,
 Who, with Dorothea has many a secret.
 Jean Tyrie and Clara have most of the fame—
 "You all would" say our teachers, "if you'd only take pains."
8. In gym, Lyle Smith is the best of them all,
 —A Dominion champion—it says in the hall;
 Doug. Henderson is always neat as a pin,
 —His clothes cleaned for nothing—lucky for him!
9. Miss Bird's name is Edith, so is Miss Daws'
 And Dot Reeves' basketball has very few flaws.
 Our little "Crowe" has nary a perch,
 And Jean Gibson sings in the choir of a church.
10. Cardwell and Wood do French well together,
 Mott comes to school just in all kinds of weather!
 Bill Teskey asks questions—believe it or not—
 And does our Frank Mollitor know such a lot!



11. Marian Mundy forgets all her notes
And on Ancient History, Helen Stubbs dotes,
Ev. Cole and Glad. Griffin have special time-tables
And Lillian Eldridge loves German fables
12. "You're too noisy," Miss Taylor says to us each morn,
"You come in here like the rise of a storm"—
We reply, "It's just our desire to know more,"
And over our books do we love to pore!

* * * *

We wonder who the blonde is that Jack Newton is so interested in this time?

* * * *

Some Vth form girls of the Biology class wonder if Gilroy borrowed his stunning
white socks from the girls' gym. Perhaps Marg. Hueston could explain this.

* * * *

We've heard of pink elephants on the ceiling and lavender alligators in the hall, but
surely it's only a fable that Thelma Ball is crazy over paper dolls?

* * * *

PHRASES THAT FIT

In half an hour he will be asleep—Jack McKellar.
My life is dreary, she cometh not—Reg. Ewener.
He hath no thought of coming woes—Huck Lockhart.
Here rise an athlete strong to break or bide—McGillivray.
I have been wild and wayward but you'll forgive me now—Dixie Hamilton.
Napoleon was a small man too—Stewart Austin.
All great men are dying and I'm not feeling very well—Gordon Tessier.
Edison was *rather clever*, too—McKaig.

* * * *

OBLIGING SPRING

Hail! Hail!
I heard the poet sing,
Thy charms unveil!
Hail gentle Spring!
And gentle Spring,
Her charms unveiled,
And hailed and hailed,
And hailed and hailed.

* * * *

Is Mr. Andrews Irish? If not, why does he say: "There are some pupils here who
are yet to come?"

* * * *

Perhaps Miss Taylor thought Peg MacLaren was dancing, when she said: "Why
don't you stand on your own feet for a change, Margaret?"

* * * *

The height of sophistication is to pass a crowd and not stop to see what it's all about.

* * * *

Mr. Coles, in speaking of the Purchases Journal, remarked that two dates are some-
times confusing. Is he telling us?



Picture to be taken—Rugby team—dark pants—rugby sweater—front steps—
Please how does one wear the front steps?

* * * *

Thurston has nothing on Carter for pulling things out of queer places. Was Hack-
ney embarrassed!

* * * *

"Being good is an awfully lonesome job," says Jean Crabb.

* * * *

FIFTH FORM

Our Fifth form is a place of thought
Where daily, mighty deeds are wrought;
At least, the students of that place,
Wear gravest looks upon their face.

But even with their wrinkled brow,
They sometimes raise a noisy row,
That reaches far beyond their doors
To other rooms, on other floors.

But let them have their fun today,
For soon they all will be away,
And other faces, strange and new,
Will ply the tasks that now they do.

They will return once more to school,
But not to learn a time-worn rule,
But just to see where they have sat,
And who wrote this, and who wrote that.

And in their eagerness of mind,
They hardly will expect to find,
That time has wrought in any way
New changes for the modern day.

—Ann Ominous.

* * * *



Operator: "Number please."

"Number heck! I put my nickel in here and I want my chew-
ing-gum!"



THE CHEMISTRY CLUB

OFFICERS

HONORARY PRESIDENT—MR. DENT. PRESIDENT—JAMES GREASON.

The chemistry club was formed about a year ago by a small group of interested boys studying Middle School Chemistry. Each Thursday the club meets in the Laboratory and spends an hour performing many experiments which have been a great help to them in preparing for examinations. This year, these same boys have continued their work in the form of a senior group, while some of the pupils of this year's third form have begun their own class. The senior group at present, is spending its time on chemical analysis and other experimental work set for Upper School Chemistry, while the junior group is doing the experiments which have been omitted in class, and also other practical work.

CARBON MONOXIDE

CARBON monoxide has in the last few years gained nation wide importance and is a gas well worth discussion. This gas is formed by the incomplete combustion of carbon, or carbon compounds; that is, the burning of any form of carbon with a limited supply of oxygen; thus its formula CO.

In our modern civilization we hear only of carbon monoxide issuing from the exhaust pipes of running engines of automobiles. True, this is the commonest source, but there are many other dangerous ones.

Mostly everyone has seen the blue flames flickering over a coal fire. If these gases were allowed, in any appreciable amounts, to escape into the room without combining with the oxygen of the air they

would constitute a real danger. Several of the so-called "unsolved deaths" have been traced to this gas later on.

Day after day you may hear men telling boys how dangerous it is to smoke. They tell them it is poisonous to their systems, but they forget, or do not know how to explain the latter statement.

One of the most poisonous effects of the tobacco smoke, particularly when inhaled, is due mainly to carbon monoxide, produced by the necessarily incomplete combustion of the tobacco. No deaths have been directly traced to this source but the fact remains that slowly but surely continued smoking will wear down the blood's resistance to germs by killing the red corpuscles.

There is a familiar statement that "Al-



cohol and gasoline won't mix," but gasoline is not the only dangerous companion of alcohol in connection with a car. Some time ago two men were found dead in a closed car by the roadside. Doctors were at a loss to explain how enough carbon monoxide could have leaked through the floor boards, especially since the car was out in the open. Later on it as discovered that while the men were not intoxicated, they had been drinking, and on that basis their death was explained. They pointed out that alcohol in the blood decreases the amount of oxygen in the blood tissues and makes a rich supply of oxygen more essential. This supply of oxygen is just what carbon monoxide cuts off so even an exceedingly mild dose may be fatal to a person who already had partaken of alcohol.

One of the recent inventions, and one that may be the most important for some time to come, has been perfected and is

now pending a patent. It is a device that will take the place of a common muffler on a car, acting simply by feeding more oxygen to the monoxide, turning it into harmless dioxide. Because of "Trade Secrets" the exact nature of the material has not yet been revealed. It is known that it is a catalyst similar in action to that of manganese dioxide and lead oxide. By a series of experiments it has been shown that a cannister of this catalyst will deaden the sound of the engine explosions and remove all the unburned fuel gases as well as the deadly carbon monoxide. It is further believed that the heat from this reaction may be utilized in future installations.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the introduction of this invention into the factory world will reduce to a minimum the number of fatalities resulting from this most deadly gas produced in so many common ways.

—Stan. W. Wood, 4A.

OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING

OF late, the oxy-acetylene welding has become one of industry's main tools. It is not an old tool, but in the last year it has made rapid progress. Notable among the developments in the oxy-acetylene during the past year is found improved equipment as well as improved use of already existing equipment; improvements and advances in new uses of the process; and more efficient application to the entire range of commercial metals and alloys.

Outstanding recent developments in the oxy-acetylene joining of metals is the Lindeweld Process which has revolutionized pipe line welding practices since its introduction two years ago. In this process a special welding rod is used, a special flame adjustment is used, and an altogether new method of manipulation of the blowpipe.

Another noteworthy step in the joining of metals has been the unprecedented advance in the use of bronze-welding for joining all types of metal. With the great stress which is being laid upon the maintenance and repair of broken parts, as well as the necessity for stronger joints during fabrication and production work, the new all purpose bronze-welding rod developed during 1933 has been found to be ideally suited for meeting these present-day demands in industry.

Until comparatively recent years the oxy-acetylene cutting process has been used primarily as a severing tool. In this capacity it has performed a wide variety of cutting operations in all thicknesses of steel and at a lower cost. The oxy-acetylene flame has become invaluable in cutting of irregular shapes and geometric lines, at a very low cost and very little



waste.

Worn surfaces, and breakage, form one of the most frequent causes of maintenance in industry. In the past a worn surface has usually meant that the part would have to be scrapped and therefore lost completely, necessitating an expenditure for a replacement part. To-day, however, worn surfaces and broken parts are rebuilt to the required size either with the use of hard-surfacing material such as steelite, where the surface must undergo heavy abrasion, with the new all-purpose bronze welding rod or, occasionally, with a rod of composition similar to that of the loose metal.

Although there have been many more

noteworthy steps in welding in the past year, we can only enumerate the most important ones. Let us now see where one may learn how this process of oxy-welding has improved.

Great strides have taken place during the past year in the educational programs that have been instituted all over the country by various groups either of workers or students. The engineering schools are fully aware of the importance of welding; and sensing their revolutionary effects on design, construction, production and manufactures, are adjusting their courses as rapidly as possible to give students a better knowledge of welding in its more advanced stages.

—Harry Hunter, T4.

FRANK'S HOBBIES

They've been many, have the hobbies
Taken up by Frank Mackie;
But a lot of them have ended
In a bad catastrophe.
Par exemple, Frank decided
That a turner he'd become,
But the lathe that he mismanaged
Left him minus half a thumb.

Then photography allured him,
And he made straightway to buy
Quite a store of apparatus,
Which I need not specify.
But he took his Uncle Joseph,
In an awful pose somehow,
And his uncle hasn't tipped him
From that fatal day till now.

Marching on to fields still fresher
Upon chemistry he hit,
But the carpet that he ruined,
Gave his fond mamma a fit.
Later on they had to summon
Doctor Smith across the road,
And Frank's face has been lopsided
Since he made that gas explode.

Even fossils brought misfortune
To this chap, you'll understand,
When he set about collecting,
With a hammer in his hand;
Off a rock, while after traces
Of some Mesozoic thing
He was pitched, so now he's resting
With his ankle in a sling.

—B. B., 2A.



A MATTER OF MASCOTS

By Gordon Ritchie

Winner of the 1933 "Collegiate" Short Story Competition.

A LAUGHING August sun leapt from the splashing lake, dripped sunbeams over beaches and harbour, and danced up the sloping town streets to chase away sleep. In search of play, the warm beams crept down alleys and over garden walls, cut bands of gold on silvered lawns, raced down pathways, over doorsteps, in windows, rousing and stirring with life and fun.

In a garden corner, the beams paused in joyful surprise at a strange wire cage, and wakened, with urging warmth, a monkey, small and greenish gray. They brightened its mischievous, foreign eyes.

The beams entered a wide-open, nearby window, poured in their light, found only two shapeless blanket heaps, and left the cool shade for livelier scenes.

Brrrrrrrr! A head took shape from one blanket heap. "Bill!" No stir from the other. "Bill, there's the phone." Brrrrrrrr! Metamorphosis rapidly pro-

gressed in the first blanket heap.

"Hello! yes, oh yes sir—No? I'm awfully sorry but—really—But Mr. Riddle—. Oh we will at once, but—, but I'm sure he's harmless,—oh, at once, of course." Click.

"Hey Bill! jump, quick! The monkey's out! He's in Riddle's garden." And a second blanket pupa burst like a dry pod.

"Who was it, Tom, or the old man?"

"The old man."

"Riddle's garden, and you play Tom for the cup at nine!—Was the old man sore?"

"Sore? If you had been on this end of the line you would have thought so—Mrs. Riddle's precious nasturtiums, you know.—Ready? Come on then. It's after eight and we play that Thomas at nine."

Big game hunting may have thrills, but monkey hunting has more; that is, when



there is only one monkey, a small gray-green monkey, at large in a self-respecting town; (and when it's after eight and you play at nine).

Thomas had relieved his father as chief of attacking forces; Thomas, with a recently-perfected mashie stroke, swung at the offending Monk as the beast slipped past. Perhaps he missed the timing; at least he missed the Monk, and dug deep down to the drainage in the asparagus bed. A chip of crockery caught Bill in the eye as he vaulted the garden wall; Jim, too reached Riddle territory the next instant. Monk was clinging to the swaying top of a low cherry tree. While Tom kept up a continuous midiron motion in the lane to block all passage there, Bill dislodged the enemy with a rake, presumably for Jim to catch him as he leaped for the fence. But monkeys don't play according to rules; at the rake's first drive, Monk mistook Jim for the fence, Jim mistook Monk for a demon. Monk won, and disappeared into home territory.

With the enemy's retreat, armed warfare ceased. Tom pushed the mashie and midiron back into his golf bag and tossed the set into the rumble seat of the "Sports." "It's eight-thirty and I play you for the cup at nine. Default if late. I have room for two if you fellows want to drive down.—No? See you on the tee at nine. But you've as good as lost now—look at my mascot!"

"That cannibal pup—for a mascot—of all things," growled Jim as the "Sports" rolled from the curb with Tom, his golf-clubs, his mascot-terrier, and all.

"Now to catch Monk. It's eight-thirty and we play at nine." Tactics of a more cunning nature were needed now. Monk paced the high fence, swaying and bouncing on his long hind legs, glaring with wicked eyes, still playing the demon rôle. No use to coax a monkey demon, just free from a cage, and wild for fun; but to tempt him with cherries—that was

different. Monk stayed on the fence for his first cherry, gingerly took it, luscious and shining, in his black fingers. He ate and enjoyed it, spat out the skin, and looked at the donor questioningly; the yellow fire faded from his monkey eyes. He came down to the wall for the second cherry, to the lawn for the third. When he took the last, he sat by the empty cage and ate, still greedily.

"It's 'quarter to', but we'll play at nine, and we'll play *with a mascot*, ourselves! Eh Monk, just for fun? Get me his strap, and more cherries. He'll beat any terrier at the mascot business." Monk wasn't so sure; he sat on uneasy haunches, eager to make the most of freedom. Jim tossed a cherry, slowly drew up to the Monk, who was eating greedily, grabbed his tail, and swung him up, a chattering, furious, helpless Monk. "Now the strap, Bill. We play at nine and here's our mascot."

* * *

A coin flashed in the sun. "Tails! It's your honour!" Jim teed his ball and waggled his driver. Visions of monkeys and silver cups, of nasturtium beds, and bankers wavered before his eyes. He swung—a fearful slice.

Then Tom teed up, eased his arms, and with an effortless sweep, drove a perfect ball.

"Nice shot, Tom!" said the pro., "You're in form today."

"I've a mascot pulling for me, you know, I brought the terrier along."

"I see. Well, away you go, the two of you, fight it out. Let me know how you stand as you come up the sixth. No caddy, Jim? I'll get you a boy in a minute. Oh, Bill's just coming, I see. So long!"

* * *

"Hey kids! did yuh see Bill's monkey? He's tied by the shop and I'm to watch him, but I'll let you see him, sure. Boy! is he slick. Come on kids!" Away



went the caddies to see the mascot monkey.

* * *

The pro stopped his lesson to watch Tom and Jim coming up the sixth, past the practice-green. "Well, how is it going?"

"Tom's two up on me, but I'm not worrying yet. Just watch this one."

It was *worth* watching, a beautiful iron shot, straight and not too high, with a long roll, breaking to the right, down the bank, stopping on the green. "That's the style. It *will* be a close game."

* * *

Still the sun climbed, sometimes through wide blue rifts, sometimes through billowy, breeze-driven clouds; still it sent its urge to life, to leave cool shade and play in the sun. A glorious day! Every player, every caddie was out on the links; the clubhouse, for once, was deserted.

A terrier stretched, sat up, felt the urge to play, and looked about for a companion. But no one was sitting on the verandah, no one was out under the trees, no one in the caddie-house. He set out for the fairways, passed the club, around the shop,—and there stopped short. Of all the crazy-looking creatures! Then the fun began.

* * *

The boys were driving up the eighteenth fairway—all square and one to go, but Tom had the better drive. "I should have practised a little more, Bill. Somehow I haven't the freedom I should. I've been checking my shots, not following through right. Well, I'll see how this

last brassie will go," and Jim stepped up to his ball.

* * *

The terrier was having slightly the better of the fight. Monk's strap was checking his bounds. He longed for freedom. The terrier rushed in again, Monk leapt aside and bounded hard at the dog's face. The strap whipped up, snapped taut and broke. Monk was free.

* * *

Swish! Jim's best brassie of the day, as freely played as a ball could be. "Why didn't I hit them like that before? It's still going, it's over the bunker, it's on! Where's Tom?"

Swish! Another, oh lucky, it carries the bunker, bounces on! still rolling, still . . .

A tangled mass of white and gray-green slid down the hill, now yelped, now screamed, flashed on the green.

"Tom's ball, still rolling, rolling to the pin, still—Oh! The dog! The Monk! they've hit it!" The ball bounced to the side, off the edge of the green.

"The ruling? the ruling?"

"A 'rub-on-the-green'!" called the Pro.; "play the ball where it lies, that's the rule and it goes. Play the ball where it lies."

Where it lay, Tom played it, out of the rough, and he took a hopeles. five.

* * *

The laughing August sun, still in search of play, glinted on the coveted silver cup in Jim's hands, glinted too on the mischievous eyes of the gray-green monkey. "After all, Tom, it was a matter of mascots."



Of all the sad surprises,
There's nothing to compare
With treading in the darkness,
On a step that isn't there.

—Ann Onimous



THE STONE OF HATRED

By Raymond Coveney

Being the statement, dictated to, and attended by, Me, James Marlowe, Notary Public, by Robert Horkin, self-confessed murderer. He was found guilty, but insane, and between periods of raving madness, dictated this—

THE scene was in the Western Highlands, twenty miles north of Inverness. There, a mighty cliff has been split into two parts, as though by some gigantic axe. In the little valley thus formed, lie a great number of rocks of all sizes, ranging from pebbles to great boulders twice the height of a man. Occasionally, two of these boulders lie so closely together as to form a little pocket. Near the end of the little valley this formation occurs so near to the cliff as to form a tiny enclosure. It was in this enclosure that I found the Stone.

I stopped, and picked it up, for I had never seen anything quite like it before. It was shaped vaguely like a hammer, even to the handle. It was not large, about ten inches long, altogether, including the handle, and probably weighing about ten pounds. The head was perhaps four inches long, and shaped like the head of a machinist's ball-peen hammer. Were this but a rough shape, it might not appear remarkable; but the shape is singularly perfect and the polished black stone is absolutely smooth.

I stooped to examine the stone more minutely. Perhaps it was my imagination; but I swear that, as I stooped, the sun seemed to darken, and a presentment of evil swept over me. I straightened, and gazed around. Nothing—no one—seemed to menace. I laughed, and stooped again. Again, a suggestion of dark, unhallowed things—but I picked up the stone. And as my hand touched

the stone, I felt a curious chill, and a raven settled on the rock above my head. I shuddered, and thrust the curious stone into my haversack.

There it remained, until I returned to London—remained in my haversack, alone, unseen, plotting dark plots. And there it might have stayed forever—would it had!—but for a curious circumstance. I had been invited to dine with a friend of mine, a famous geologist. While preparing for dinner, I suddenly remembered my friend's calling, and determined to take the stone with me and question him as to its origin. I therefore opened my haversack and took out the accursed thing. Again as I grasped it—it felt damning to the touch. I felt that curious foreboding of evil. The presentiment was so strong that I thrust the stone back into my haversack.

If I had left it there, all might have been well, and I might have been a free man. But, as I donned my overcoat, the absurdity of the fear came home to me. Sanity dictated that I take the stone with me—and for once I obeyed the dictates of sanity. I took the stone.

As I mounted the steps of my friend's home I suddenly remembered that this must be by way of reconciliation; for I had not seen my friend for nearly ten years, and we had parted with a quarrel. Precisely what it was about, I had forgotten; but I was nevertheless sincerely penitent for my part in it.

As I entered, my friend came forward



to meet me. I shook hands, sincerely glad to see him, in spite of our former quarrel, for we were friends from boyhood. My friend had not changed a bit—a little stouter perhaps, but still the same.

Dinner was a pleasant meal—well-cooked, and well served. When it was finished, I felt on good terms with everyone. Robinson and I had forgotten our old quarrel (over good food, old brandy, and good cigars). When it was through, I broached, with a curious reluctance I could scarcely understand at the time, the subject of the stone. I described where I had found it, but, curiously enough, said nothing of that queer fear which I could scarcely admit even to myself.

"Let's have a look at it," said Robinson.

I brought it from my overcoat. This time I felt not so much a fear as a quick benumbing terror—indicative of horror, close at hand. But I laughed my fears away—I had grown accustomed to them by this time—and carried the hammer into the dining-room.

Robinson awaited me. I placed the stone on the table.

"Here it is," I said; "What do you make of it?"

Robinson stretched out a hand to take it. As his hand closed over it, I shuddered—a cold shiver fled up my spine.

Crash! The stone fell to the table, bruising the highly polished surface severely. I looked at Robinson. His face was ghastly.

"What is it?" I said, but before I spoke I knew the question was useless.

"It's cold!" Robinson gasped, "cold and clammy, like the touch of a snake! It's an evil thing!"

"So you, too, have felt it? I felt a queer presentiment of evil."

Robinson reached out a shaking hand and gulped down half a glass of brandy.

"What is it?" I whispered anxiously.

"The Stone of Hatred," whispered Ro-

binson. "Listen."

He walked to the shelf at one end of the room, and drew out an ancient book. Running the pages through his fingers, he at length opened the book and began to read.

"Then did Thor send to Lohi, bidding him forge a weapon deadlier than fire or sword. Lohi undertook the task, and forged the Stone of Hatred. He forged a hammer of stone, and on it laid the curse of hatred. All who possess that stone shall kill their best friend—and shall live a life to regret the deed.

"Thor desired to test the new weapon. Now in the land of Sigrid lived two brothers, sons of Hedgrad. The eldest was named Vjon, the youngest, Sigrid. And the love of these two brothers was a fable. Many times had each saved the other's life; each would give his all for the other's least wish.

"So Thor flung the stone down onto the doorstep of the two brothers. Sigrid found it; that night the two brothers quarrelled, and Sigrid killed Vjon with the stone. All his life he wandered; for all held him to be mad, and accursed; and so no man would touch him.

"Thor was satisfied with his new weapon. But one day he dropped it from Asgard; and a cloud hid the space where it landed from view."

"Then—" I began.

"That thing is unholy—something forged in pagan Asgard—forged with evil and stained with blood!"

"But surely—no one believes in Asgard nowadays. After all, it was only a pagan superstition—nothing to it."

"You felt that terror of the stone. Was there nothing to that?"

"But can people, believing in a thing, make that thing true? Perhaps my terrors communicated to you."

"Perhaps."

For a moment we were silent. Then I reached out and grasped the stone, fiercely this time, determined to conquer the



curse. Then I looked at Robinson. Suddenly I remembered the quarrel, and then I hated Robinson—hated him as I have never hated man before. Robinson looked up and grinned.

"Remember that silly quarrel of ten years ago?"

Then it happened. Something seemed to snap in my head. A great sea of red swept over me. What happened then I can never remember—nor shall I ever be able to forget. All I can remember is an agonized face, and a desperate screaming that seemed to fill all space with mocking horror.

When I came to myself, I found myself in the grip of servants. Robinson lay

at my feet. One glance told me that he was dead; his skull was crushed in like an eggshell. I looked around, down—but the stone was gone.

And now—every night, I see Robinson's face again, and feel myself striking, striking, striking, striking . . .

(This last sentence was dictated by Horkin on his last evening on earth. The next day he was found dead—and on his face was a look of such frozen horror as to strike with terror all those who saw it. No doctor has, as yet, explained how he died. Personally, I am of the opinion that he died of horror, but then, I am no doctor).



THE SYMPHONY

By Margaret Eacrett

AT last, after years of faithful labour the beloved "meister" had finished his Life Symphony, and now the great Conservatory hall was thronged with a crowd of thrilled, expectant listeners. Many other things he had written, they knew, but always he had had in his mind, a symphony—a dream that some day he could put his joys and his sorrows, his grief and loneliness after his young wife's death, and his love for his son, into one great panorama of melody.

The meister's life-long friend, the "Herr Doktor" sat near the front where he could see his friend's kind blue eyes, kindled with the fire of triumph to-night, as they rested lovingly on his son—this boy who sat ready to play, for the first time, his own beloved Stradivarius. Suddenly there was a silence—and then, a happy, lilting melody on two flutes was heard, beckoning, laughing, irresistibly gay. The eyes of the Herr Doktor grew dim in memories.

He saw two half-grown boys, together, running along a Bavarian hillside beside

a swift stream, which far below in the valley, found its way through the quaint little village with its pretty cottages embowered in flowers. As they went, they laughed and jested with each other, threw pebbles into the water and watched the circles grow larger.

As the music changed, so changed his thoughts. He was back again in the beautiful Neckar valley, living over, for a few minutes, his happy Heidelberg life. The two were together still, but even yet the same spirit of comradeship prevailed as before. He heard, as he had not heard for many years, the living music of the beer-garden, and the gay, senseless chatter of the gathered students.

Then, out of the great ensemble, rose the tones of a lovely violin in a yearning, throbbing melody. The boy Sebastian was playing alone now, with all of his father's genius together with a delicacy of touch which the "meister" would never have. It seemed somehow, to belong to his gray eyes, into which, at this moment, the meister was lovingly looking.



The thoughts of the "Herr Doktor" spanned the years and he was standing in the stone church at Leipzig where his own sister, Anncher and the "meister" were being married. Indeed, he was even able to recall the beautiful expression of Anncher's grey eyes, so poignant were the strains which he heard.

The music and the years followed faster now. The struggle for the appointment in the Conservatory came to the "Herr Doktor" in a slow, but ever triumphal movement. When, at last it seemed to be almost completed, the theme changed to one of sorrow and utter despair and then to another of furious passion. Again the "Herr Doktor" could see the same stone church. From it the "meister," with bowed head, slowly walked, while the small boy, whom he held by the hand looked up at his father with a frightened and puzzled expression.

Once again the "Herr Doktor" was witnessing the "meister's" passionate outcry against fate's decree. He saw his friend fling his loved violin ruthlessly across the study and then as he led the boy, Sebastian, towards his father, the latter realized that he still had much to live for and from then on, he devoted himself even more completely to his son and to his music.

The great work drew to a close with deep, resounding chords, which portrayed to those alone, who, like the "Herr Doktor," knowing the "meister" well, the resignation in his heart. The final notes had ceased to sound, when from out the hush that followed, there arose the applause of the appreciative audience. But it was more than that; he was their "meister," their teacher, and friend, and he had given his life's work to help build up their Conservatory.

The old conductor looked lovingly around him; then beckoning the orchestra to rise, he bowed, and in his heart he was rewarded . . .

The following night the "Herr Doktor" looked down upon the "meister's" peaceful face and then up at the white, frightened countenance of the boy Sebastian.

"It is over, 'mein Sohn'," he said quietly as the two walked slowly from the room. The old man went into the study where he had spent so many hours with his friend. His head was bowed in his hands and the light from the fire played on his silver hair. His greatest association had been broken. "And yet," thought he, "is it not better that my friend should die, thus, in this hour of triumph?"

THE PEPPER SHAKER GOSSIPS

By Margaret Ritchie

THE cold moonlight streamed in through the frosty pane of the pantry window. The Pepper Shaker stirred as the pale light shone down upon him. He then opened his sleepy eyes and turned himself about to see who happened to be behind him. Ah! the Mustard Pot. What luck to have such a companion. The Mustard Pot would listen to his stories, and the Pepper Shaker dearly loved to talk. But that was no wonder

since he could talk only while the moon shone into the pantry. The Mustard Pot in the meantime, had become aware that his second cousin, the Pepper Shaker, was shaking him vigorously. "Can I do anything for you, cousin?", he inquired politely.

"Yes, you can," replied the venerable personage, "Wake up! I've got a great deal to tell you about the Ryley's." Now the Mustard Pot was intensely interested



in the Ryleys since they happened to own him; therefore he squatted down on his short little legs and prepared to enjoy the news which his cousin was about to relate to him.

"What member of the family shall I tell about first?" inquired the Pepper Shaker. "I know something about each of them."

"Start with Henrietta, please," said the Mustard Pot; he centred his affections upon that gay nineteen-year-old.

"Well," said the Pepper Shaker, "since you want to know about that flighty girl—she has been proposed to again—and, needless to say, she refused again. I happened to have been left on Madame's Tray in the corner and I heard every word"

"What did she say to him and who was he?" inquired the Mustard Pot.

"I'll be coming to that presently, but you must not interrupt me so often," replied the Pepper Shaker shortly. The Mustard Pot lapsed into silence and listened. It seemed that Mr. Patrick Smythe, young and wealthy lawyer, had decided to make Henrietta Ryley his honored wife. It also was evident, by the Pepper Shaker's story that Mr. Patrick Smythe had not looked for a refusal. "Oh! he did look funny," gleefully related the Pepper Shaker; "he just sat and stared at her when she said 'No!'" Then she told him he might as well go home, and he just went, without saying a word. I think he was too dazed to realize she meant it. That is all to that story and I hope Miss Henrietta gets left high and dry, an old maid some day; it would serve her right for playing with so many men all at the same time.

"Now I shall tell you about Mrs. Ryley. Do you know, cousin, that she wears a wig? a real wig!" When the Mustard Pot had confessed he had not known of such a shocking thing, his cousin went on: "I was taken up on a tray this morning, for her egg at breakfast

time. The maid carried me in and set me on a bedside table. Then she arranged the pillows for Madame. In doing so, she bumped Mrs. Ryley's head and off came the wig. The maid, that clumsy new one, just stared! Mrs. Ryley set her wig back on and began to yell at the maid. I think the words she said were what humans call swearing, but I'm not positive because, you see, nobody has ever introduced them into our language. Anyway, Madame grabbed me up and hurled me at the maid. I had never been used in that fashion before, and I considered it very undignified to be used as a missile. But I gave Mrs. Ryley what she deserved. I flung all the pepper that was in me out into the room and immediately both she and the maid were sneezing. Madame sneezed so hard, she lost her wig again. Oh my! did I laugh! At last the maid picked me up and beat a none too hasty retreat to the kitchen. I do not know how Mrs. Ryley came through the quarrel but I know the maid has left."

"Tell me about Peggy now!" ordered the Mustard Pot.

"Oh, yes," went on the Pepper Shaker, "she is in trouble again! Like most young imps of seven years, she does just what her mother tells her not to do. Her mother told her she must not associate with the servants. Well, Miss Peggy has just done that. You know Mr. Ryley hired that old Scotsman, Sandy MacKellar, to look after the riding horses while the groom is sick. Well, Miss Peggy was talking to him to-day. He's teaching her to dance the Highland fling and sing Scotch songs for a kiss a day. What Madame will say I hardly dare to think.

"Oh, dear! this moon is going. I must hurry and tell you something very important. Mr. Ryley's third cousin, or something, is coming to visit them. He's one of those high society people from New York. I dare say Miss Henrietta was waiting for him when she refused Smythe. This cousin is coming next



Wednesday and is going to stay for the holidays. His name is Jackson, I think—Dick Jackson.”

“Jackson, Jackson,” murmured the Mustard Pot. “Oh, I remember that ‘fish.’ He came here once before. You weren’t here then. He came down to dinner the first night in evening dress. I noticed that he had a beautiful gold tooth that quite dazzled me every time he smiled—and he seemed to smile often, as if on purpose to show off that gem in his mouth. The roast that night seemed to be somewhat tough. Suddenly our

friend Jackson coughed and that gold tooth lay shining on his plate. Carefully wiping it off with his serviette, he put it in his vest pocket and went on enjoying his roast beef.”

The moonlight shining through the window had been gradually becoming more slanting and now it ceased to shine there. The hour for the china to talk was over. The Mustard Pot clapped his lid shut and snuggled down in silence. The Pepper Shaker did likewise and quiet reigned in the pantry.



THE KINGS AT NIAGARA

By Dorothy Ramsay

“**S**AY, you people! You’ll have to do better than that or——!” This was directed at Jerry and Joan King of the famous “King Acrobatic Team.” They had just finished an engagement in a small town and, to their manager’s disgust, had made a few slips in their act.

“Well, at least, it gave the inhabitants a few thrills to talk about for the next year.”

“By the way, Sandy!” Jerry continued, “do you think we’ll have time to stop at Niagara Falls? Joan has never been there.”

“Oh, I think so. You may even be able to stage an act there.”

A few days later found the Kings and their manager at Niagara. Sandy had departed to make arrangements for the act while Jerry and Joan viewed the Falls, Jerry with the patronizing air of one who has seen it often and Joan with the awful timid manner of one who views the mighty cataract for the first time.

A short while later Sandy returned. He reported that the authorities would not allow them to put on a performance since so many lives had been lost in a similar manner.

As the trio stood gazing down into the whirling waters, they saw, as did all the other spectators, a piece of the ice-bridge break off and swing into the strong current. On the small island of ice were two children, a boy and a girl. As the ice floe was slowly but surely carried on its way toward the whirlpool, the terror-stricken children clung to its jagged edges with all their small strength.

There seemed to be no possible means of saving the children. Then, suddenly, Jerry suggested that he and Joan be lowered by ropes over the bridge on which they were standing, so that they might catch the children from the floe as it passed beneath.

As the crowd watched the spectacle, they saw two figures, with ropes attached to their ankles, being lowered face downwards over the bridge. No one, however, noticed that as Joan was lowered, the sharp edge of the iron rail had cut through a few strands of the rope to which her ankles were attached.

As the floe, tossed hither, skilter by the rapids, passed beneath them, each firmly grasped one of the children. The excited crowd broke into a roar of cheering which



was almost as great as the roar of the mighty falls.

About the same time, Jerry felt an unusual vibration in the rope which held his feet. Looking up, he saw Sandy beckoning wildly toward Joan. Jerry, to his horror saw Joan's rope slowly but surely unravelling. She, in turn, wondering why they weren't being raised, looked up—and beheld her predicament.

Only for a moment was she paralyzed with fear. Then, grasping the child clos-

er, she started to swing her body toward Jerry. Slowly back and forth she swung until her hand touched that of her husband. In the next swing, she threw her body toward him and he securely grasped her wrist. As she did so the rope snapped, but her hand was safe in the vice-like grip of her husband.

Slowly they were raised to the bridge and safety. Their greatest performance had been staged—against the law!

HEROISM IS NOT ALWAYS PHYSICAL

By Woodrowe Wooley

Winner of the 1933 "Collegiate" Essay Competition.

WE all love a hero. We love the person who faces death to save his country, to save women and children from a burning building, to rescue people from drowning. Physical heroism well deserves all the praise and honour that it receives, but it is not the only heroism. There is another type of heroism that is enacted behind the scenes: a type of heroism that is sometimes recognized, but which, in most cases, is not noticed by the world. This is moral heroism.

During the Great War many brave lads gave their lives that their country might not perish. Others yearned to go, but their duty was to keep the home-fires burning. They did nothing spectacular, they won no glittering decorations; but in reality they undoubtedly rendered as great service as those in the front trenches.

Long ago, a king of Israel won a great victory over a host of thieving Amalekites. Two hundred of his men were so weak that they were forced to remain behind with the baggage, not participating in the fight.

"Because they went not with us," said a few selfish warriors, "we will not give

them aught of the spoil that we have recovered."

But their king, who was none other than the great David, answered, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff." And he made this ruling an everlasting ordinance in Israel. One of Solomon's proverbs was: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Thousands of years have elapsed since the shepherd king and his son left us those two utterances, but, like all truths, their principles apply just as well to-day as when they were spoken.

"Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew,"

wrote the dear Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. The world to-day is not without its moral heroes. When Charles A. Lindbergh was running his trans-Atlantic flight, he was approached by representatives of a large tobacco concern. They offered him twenty-five thousand dollars if he would simply ask for a certain brand of cigarette when he landed in Paris! "Gentlemen," said the Lone Eagle, "I do not smoke." And he refused the offer, remaining true to his principles!



It took a great deal of courage to do that. But biographies of most really great men tell us that moral heroism has been one of their outstanding characteristics.

The critics tell us that "Henry Esmond" is the greatest of Thackeray's works. There are few characters in fiction nobler than Henry Esmond. He fought under the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, but it is not for any special military bravery that we admire him. We admire him for his moral heroism. When Viscount Castlewood, Esmond's master, was dying, he made a confession that his wealth and title rightfully belonged to Henry Esmond.

"Esmond went to the fire and threw the paper into it . . . On the Dutch tiles was a rude picture representing Jacob in hairy gloves cheating Isaac of Esau's birthright. The burning paper lighted it up."

What a fine passage! "Into the fire"—thus perished the opportunity of rising from obscurity to inherit his own. "Into the fire"—thus perished all his fortunes with as startling suddenness as they had arisen. But his acceptance would have meant misery to the dear lady and the two children who had befriended him. For a long time afterward the unselfish hero was falsely accused and disowned by even those who were innocently enjoying the wealth and comfort that really belonged to him. But he suffered in silence until they learned of his sacrifice and implored his forgiveness. Esmond is only a creature of Thackeray's fancy, but he is as truly drawn as any living character and he displays the highest type of heroism.

Probably we are all associated with heroes in disguise. In the walks of everyday life are those who make sacrifices for the sake of others. Chief among these

are heroic mothers. They are called upon to suffer much and to endure many heartaches on account of their children, and they do so uncomplainingly. Especially during these difficult times, mothers deny themselves in order that their children may have the best chances possible. It has been said that whenever there was a great man, there had been a great mother. If all true heroes could be selected and classified, probably mothers would outnumber all others!

Lastly, we look over the ages to choose the greatest of all heroes—a Hero, great both morally and physically. We see a Man standing on a mountain peak in the East. The insidious being before Him points to all the kingdoms of the world, with their glittering pageantry. These—all these—He may have if He will only bow down and worship Satan.

It is a fateful moment. Will the Man of Nazareth refuse, or will He perform the act of obeisance and establish His Kingdom in a single moment? Immediately, unhesitatingly, He answers: "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." And thereby He remains true to the will of His Father, choosing not power and glory for Himself, but humility and derision, following not the way to the throne but continuing steadfastly on the path that led to the cross.

This is, assuredly, the highest kind of heroism; the kind that is practised in secret, that in many cases demands that a choice be made, a choice between two ways of life, one the way to serve self, the other to the service of humanity. Such choices come to all, and the hero meets them unflinchingly.

"Whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge."



FIGURES IN THE FIRELIGHT

By Donald Gordon

ONE cold, blustering night, while I sat by the fireside, with my favourite author's book, my eyes wandered from the pages, and, half asleep, I gazed into the flickering flames. There I saw the heroes of the ages, passing in revue.

I behold Solomon, seated on a great, golden throne, pondering some weighty question. His brow is wrinkled and his eyes seem to be seeing things far away. Slowly his brow clears and the noble, kneeling at the foot of his throne, is answered.

The firelight flickers and I see Nebuchadnezzar ordering the rebuilding of Babylon. In the background, thousands of laborers, some digging in quarries, some lifting weighty stones into place, and some carving figures.

A great draught sweeps down the chimney and the flames leap up. Alexander is seated on his horse, in front of his huge army. The helmets glitter in the sun and the spear heads glisten like diamonds. Then they rush into battle. The enemy falls, like leaves in autumn, and by evening, Alexander stands master of the whole known world.

There is a lull in the tempest and the flames die down. A fleet of boats appear through the haze, sweeping along under the power of their long oars. In the prow of the foremost stands Caesar, eagerly watching for the sight of Britain. Suddenly he descries the chalk cliffs, but on the shore the Britons stand, rough and ugly men with their skin stained blue. A standard-bearer leaps from Caesar's boat and the next moment, the legions are wading toward the shore.

A fresh coal catches fire and I see a small hut, in the midst of great swamplands. Inside is seated a brawny man watching some bread baking in the earth oven. At the same time he whittles on a piece of wood and, interested in this, he

forgets the bread. This begins to burn and when the smell has become especially strong a buxom woman dashes in. Then does Alfred the Great receive one of his worst chastisings.

The flames burn fiercely and a terrible battle takes place. Harold, King of England, has drawn his men up on Senlac Hill, while the Normans are at the vase. The Normans flee, and, breaking their ranks, the Saxons pursue. The Normans turn, and with Harold killed by a stray arrow, the Saxons are butchered in large numbers.

The firelight grows dim and the room becomes dark. In a great, gloomy, castle Richard of the Lion Heart lies chained to the wall of one of the dampest dungeons. As he lies there, he hears a familiar song being sung outside his window. Leaping up he grasps one of the bars and sees below him, his favorite bard. As soon as he appears at the window, the bard walks away. That night he makes his escape and with the musician sets out for England.

The figures fade away and their place is taken by a fleet of Spanish galleons. Sweeping through the channel they make a glorious picture. But huge as they are, they are helpless when a fleet of small English ships, under Sir Walter Raleigh's command, appear. Out-sailed, and pounded mercilessly, they retreat rapidly, but many go to the bottom and others are burned.

The scene changes. I see a small, delicate, one-armed man pacing the poop of the "Victory". Although the shot rains like hail, he stays on deck, until he drops by a shot in the breast. He is gently carried below but all hope is gone. With a final effort he asks the outcome of the battle and, when told that the English are victorious, he dies contentedly.

The flames flicker, and a man is seen



standing on a slight elevation surrounded by staff-officers and messengers. Below the ground is a sea of mud from the repeated charge of cavalry. A few miles away a short, stocky man is seated on a horse watching the same ground. Soldiers are charging and retreating in all directions. A worried look has overspread the face of the man on the horse, as he sees the events. At last he orders his "old brigade" to charge. They advance, are stopped, then repulsed. Hope of victory is now gone. Wearily he turns his horse and rides away, only to be captured, and exiled. Thus does Wellington crown a glorious enterprise and Napoleon end a career of despotism and carnage.

It is dark, and as the boats slowly glide to the shore, the quiet is broken only by the splash of an oar, or the whispering of an officer. The soldiers disembark and, led by a brigade of Highlanders, they mount the heights. The French

sentries are overpowered, and by dawn the British are drawn up on the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm, with a bravery given to few men, orders an immediate advance. In the ensuing battle, two of the greatest generals of history are mortally wounded, and die within twenty-four hours of each other—Wolfe and Montcalm.

The flames leap high, and the wind roars around the house. A man rides furiously through the night. By daylight he reaches Queenston and arranges for its defense. The soldiers take up position on the Heights, but are driven out. Led by Brock, they dash up the hill to retake their position. Suddenly their leader falters; he stumbles, then falls. He is carried to the rear, but it is a corpse the soldiers carry.

The coals glow in the dark room and sinking into my chair I pass into dreamland.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

By Margaret Ritchie

IS there a person in the world who has never built those beautiful, fantastic structures known as Castles in Spain? No, I think not. Everybody from the youngest to the oldest, from the poorest to the most wealthy, from the humblest to the most ambitious, all, all, have built their Castles in Spain. These castles may not be very solid for they are built of "such stuff as dreams are made on." Their foundations are usually flimsy imaginations but how lofty some of these castles are! Their pinnacles are lost amid the clouds.

How can a mere child build castles? A child weaves the most delightful and fanciful dreams of the days when he will be "grown up." How shiny is his Castle of those days-to-be! How big it is! What

wonderful things are crowded into every room in his Castle! In that Castle in Grown-up Land, he will rule. The land of "Don't" will always be far out of sight.

But the rosy visions of childhood do not last for ever. The charm of doing as one likes in the Castle in Grown-up Land soon loses something of its attraction, and the thoughtful boy or girl builds a more solid-looking Castle, perhaps it is not so brightly coloured as the child's but it towers just as high. This is Ambition Castle. In this castle there is the great entrance-hall of Success from which a stairway leads up into the rooms of Wealth, Fame, Usefulness and Service.

Then there is in most lives a fairy-like



castle, the Castle of Romance. It is built up quickly, and the builders think it will last for ever and ever, but although it may be very attractive, it, too, is replaced by other castles, for dreams fade as the years drift by.

Disappointment and failure often destroy the high hopes of the builders; their castles fall in ruins, and yet they begin to build again. The new structures may not rise to such heights, there may be no dazzling colours, but new castles are built.

What of the busy, tired parents who often wonder how their children make so much noise. Have they given up building Castles in Spain? Not at all. Per-

haps their own castle is now just a cottage, but they are building new castles for their children, wisely-planned castles, castles with the solid foundation of training and education. But will the children occupy these castles so carefully built by their parents? No—others cannot build our castles for us.

Castles in Spain are never inhabited, but they are built, and the building of them makes life worth living, giving colour to many an otherwise gray existence. Everyone, young or old, poor or rich, finds interest in life in the building of exquisite, alluring, varied Castles in Spain.

HOMEWORK

By Donald Gordon

HOMEWORK! This word we heard toward the close of each period, and we heard it so much that at last I decided to do some. I listened attentively to all the teacher said on the subject one day, and at about five o'clock I set out for home, with a huge pile of books under one arm. By the time I was half way home, the strain began to tell, but gamely setting my teeth, I trudged along and reached our door. Dumping the books on the table I prepared for dinner, and about seven o'clock started the homework.

I sat down at the desk with the pile in front of me, and looked with despondent eyes at my future work. After sorting the books I decided to try some Algebra to start with. My pencil was broken and by the time this was sharpened it was twenty minutes past seven. Homework didn't seem so bad after all. Here were twenty minutes gone already; why, the rest of the time would fly. But alas! how ignorant I was. None of the equations came out right, and by the time six questions were started, it seemed time to try

something else.

Latin was so different from Algebra. I might succeed in translating a couple of lines of Virgil. I stared at the book for a few minutes, then a thought flashed through my mind. Perhaps if I listened to the hockey game for a few minutes, I might feel better. Slipping my Virgil to one side I turned on the radio and listened. I might as well listen until the end of the first quarter. By that time I was in such a state of excitement, I felt able to accomplish anything.

Returning to the desk I picked up my French grammar. My Algebra and Latin were done; so I might as well try some French. The class had been given twenty sentences to do, so I decided to do fifteen, and get the last five from somebody. By the time the sixth sentence was reached I had looked up so many words in the vocabulary, it seemed impossible there could be any more. If I could get five sentences from somebody else, I could get fourteen, so why do any more? Struck by the truth of this statement I



placed my French grammar on top of the Virgil and gazed at my Physics text.

What a thick book it was! I felt as though it would be the height of audacity for me to attempt to fathom the meaning of the sentences it contained. Still I had better look at the problems assigned, in case we were asked if we had looked at them since the last class. Perhaps it would be better to try one. The third one looked easier than the rest; I tried it.

"Twenty gms. of a liquid at 100°C are poured into three hundred grams of water in a cup whose water equivalent is eight grams. The water and cup rise from 13°C to 27.5°C . What is the specific heat of the liquid?"

It seemed desirable to know the meaning of specific heat. I looked this up and also water equivalent. Now the problem would be simple. By the end of fifteen minutes I decided the man, who put the answers in the back of the book, was a poor mathematician. My brow was heated and my nerves on edge, when I suddenly thought of the hockey game. Rushing into the next room, I listened.

"Clancy is sweeping down the left side. He shoots from the blue line. Worters saves, but Primeau cuts in and, taking the rebound, shoots into the far corner."

I listened enraptured for about five minutes then, dragging myself away, I

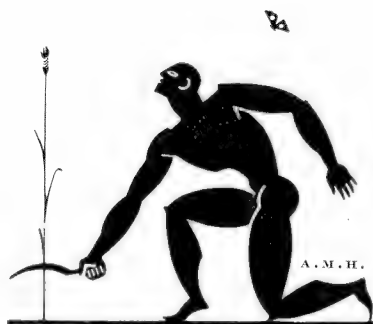
returned to the desk. My Algebra, Latin, French and Physics were done, but I still had History and Literature. This didn't seem so bad.

I opened my History text and sat gazing at it. What was the score of the last Maple Leaf game? I racked my mind, but was unsuccessful in remembering. Oh, well, it didn't matter. Reading a couple of lines about the games held in Greece, they reminded me of something. Wasn't Strangler Lewis fighting Ed. (Don) George for the title tonight?

Perhaps there would be some reports over the radio. I went into the next room but after turning the dial and obtaining no results, I decided to finish my homework.

My History was done, and now only the Literature was left. Just four more questions and I should be done. But was not this great labour overtaking my strength? Already I had done four hours' diligent work. Should I not be in bed by eleven-thirty? It was not eleven-five. If I stayed up later my nerves might give out. By the time I had piled my books for the next day, straightened the desk and closed it, the hands of the clock pointed to eleven-fifteen.

It was with a feeling of pride I ascended the stairs about an hour later, having read a novel during the interval, and thought of the four hours and a half homework I had done.







DREAMS

Winner of the "Collegiate" Poetry Competition.

I love, when twilight comes ere close of day,
 To dream of golden memories old and sweet
And thus to pass the evening hours away
 With many thoughts which in my mind repeat;
I often hear faint music soft and low
 As from a little church among the trees,
My vision of that faded fancy grows,
 I see fair fingers roam the ivory keys;
I hear clear melodies; then gently die
 The strains of music, I no longer hear
Nor see the little church, but always I
 Fond recollections keep of dreams so dear:

Such rapturous feeling in my soul I gain,
I truly know dreams are not dreamt in vain.

—*Marion Westfall.*



FUTILITY

Special Mention

A lonely, longing wind seeks rest at night
In open limbs of kindly urging trees;
And yearning for sweet breasts of shore, the seas
In wild abandon plead for vain delight;
A softly-slipping moth is stayed in flight—
Is drunk with mad desire for nectar. These
To me showed beauty born, until the ease



Of passion's veiled will to harm and might
 To fell the tree, wear down the shore and then
 The bruised rose I knew. A power above
 Is driving them—a power beyond their ken.
 They seek, and finding, hurt the thing they love.
 All these do force my soul to know anew
 The utter hopelessness in loving you.

—Anna Lott.

—♦—
 A BOOK

A book, like a light-winged bird,
 When it is written, read, or heard,
 Carries us far in rapid flight
 To lowest region and greatest height.
 Back through the years, if we wish to go
 To the primitive man of long ago
 Then, into the future a thousand years
 We feel man's longings, his hopes, and fears.
 It lifts the curtain for us to peer
 At the farthest corners of our sphere.
 We travel again in prose and verse
 Through miles of space in the universe.
 From hottest clime to frozen zone
 With Scott and Livingstone we roam,
 With Verne to ocean's depth we sink
 And even reach earth's very brink.
 We fly away where we desire
 From summer's sward and winter's fire
 Where'er may be our cozy nook
 We find our comfort in a book.

—Joan David, Com. 1A.

—♦—
 MYSTERIES OF GOD

I wandered far in a land of dreams,
 Among the hills of God.
 I saw the woods, and the pale moonbeams
 Upon the plains, and the gurgling streams—
 I heard the voice of God.



I felt the stars in the silvery sky
As though the eyes of God
Were gazing silently from on high
To show me beauties while here I lie—
Creations of our God.

I know the call of the morning dove,
When crying out for God,
It cooed to birds in the distant cove,
And bade them show in their songs of love
The glories, great, of God.

I saw the dawn with her rosy fingers
Come blushing fair from God.
I hastened back; there was naught to hinder,
But memories e'er in my mind shall linger
Of mysteries seen, of God.

—Orville P. Hossie.



VICTORY

When I become grotesquely warped and torn—
A tree who faced into the wind and knew
The agony in tortured limbs as do
Those few who stand alone upon a worn
And rocky shore—with form bizarre—forlorn—
This "I" who might have grown erect and who,
In sheltered woods, would see around, a view
Of ease and peace—think not, dear friend, to mourn
Contentment ever lost to me. But know
That I have lived, hopelessly bent, and sung
A song of freedom bathed—a song of us
Who choose to answer Nature's whims—and so—
If asked—say I have lived on rocks far-flung
Into the gale—yet stand. I will it thus.

—Anna Lott.



THE WOODCARVER

An old man sat in the doorway,
At his side was a little boy;
And in his baby fingers,
He clasped a tiny toy.

He watched the other with eager eyes,
And often he would say;
"Tell me, Grandpa, What is it you make?
Is it meant for me to play?"



Is it a boat or a windmill?
 Perhaps it's a wooden train . . ."
 And then he would take the old man's hand,
 And plead with him again.

"I hope it's a soldier," he whispered,
 "Or maybe a wooden gun;
 I'd much rather have an arrow,
 But I would enjoy a drum."

Neither of these the old man carved,
 As he toiled in the shadows there;
 But often he would stop his work
 To smooth the young lad's hair.

Then when the prize was finished,
 He called the boy from play,
 And in his infant fingers,
 He placed a rosary.

The boy's eyes fell on the rosary,
 And in great ecstasy,
 He kissed the cross in his little hands
 As he climbed on the old man's knee.

"I love you Grandpa," he softly said,
 "You have given much to me;
 Our Lady in Heaven told you
 To make this gift for me."

Years have gone since that happy day,
 But it seemed as yesterday,
 When a young lad climbed on an old man's knee,
 With his first rosary.

—Catherine Allan.



MORNING LIGHTS

Hush! Peace!
 The earth is stilled.
 No sound disturbs the morn.
 The rosy sun mounts quick on high,
 Through misty clouds, and fairy sky,
 As silence girds the morn.
 The wind is lulled.
 Hush! Peace!

* * * *



When day is new and all is calm,
 I love to lie and dream.
 When mystic lights announce the dawn,
 I feel a joy serene
 Come creeping gently over me,
 And show me things unseen.

When silvery mists obscure the sight
 I see new visions rare.
 New fancies flitting in the light
 Across the dewy air
 Come wayward winging unto me
 And ever linger there.

When fading moon wanes silently,
 Is seen no more that day,
 I think of things that cannot last,
 But slowly fade away.
 Comes softly sighing unto me,
 A melancholy past.

* * * *

Hush! Peace!
 The earth is chilled.
 No sound cheers up the day.
 The rosy colours flush the sky,
 And crowning beauty mounts on high,
 But silence holds the day.
 The wind is stilled.
 Hush! Peace!

—Orville P. Hossie.



ON THE DEATH OF A FLASHLIGHT

Oh! how you once in splendour shone
 With batteries new and bulb so bright!
 But now my path is dark at night
 Because your rays are dimmed and gone.
 The things revealed by moon-beams wan
 Are ghostly-weird—to straining sight
 My heart doth leap in sudden fright
 As now I stumble blindly on.
 Ah! fickle friend, I ask of you
 A light—a clear and guiding ray;
 You, Flashlight, did what most friends do—
 In direst need you turned away
 Until last night you never paled;
 Alas! you're now the 'Light that Failed'!

—Anna Lott.



NOT HALF-PAST TWO

Not half-past two, this little chap
With eyes of softest brown,
And little curls hang 'round his face
That never knows a frown.

From early morn till sand-man time,
This wee man plays away
In sweet and child-like innocence
Fresh as the break of day.

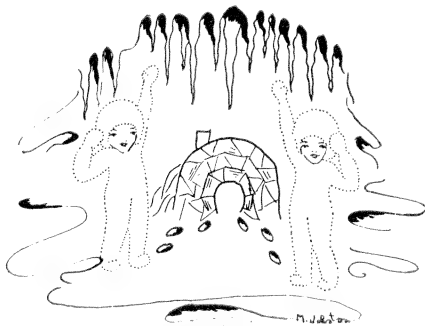
Perchance you enter in his home
You hear his childish plea
In softest accents mild and clear,
"Please tum and pay wif me."

You can't resist his pleading face,
His winsome, coaxing smile,
But glad to romp about with him,
You play a little while.

Then soon the dust-man comes along;
His little eyes grow dim,
He puts away his tiny toys,
For play he's lost all vim.

And off into the land of Nod,
In which there is no care,
This tiny mite is fast asleep—
So pure, so sweet, so fair.

—M. E. W.





LA DENTELLIÈRE HUGUENOTE

Note:—J'ai lu l'histoire suivante il y a quelques semaines dans un journal de dimanche. Je l'ai abrégée et je l'offre avec des excuses à?

Dans une vieille maison grise, dans une rue étroite à Paris, demeurait Giovanna Miceli, une dentellière de Catherine de Medicis. Tout le jour, elle était assise près de la fenêtre, qui surveillait le marché où elle pouvait voir les fleurs gaies et les légumes verts.

"Entrez, Hortense," cria Giovanna, quand la jeune fille frappa sur la porte. Avez-vous apporté votre ouvrage?—Oui, Giovanna. Regardez! J'en ai fini beaucoup déjà.—Bien fait! Mais, la femme italienne fronça le sourcil, ceci n'est pas le dessin, que je vous ai donné.

—Non, mais il est joli, n'est-ce pas? Mademoiselle de Vallance, une des bonnes de la reine l'a commandé."

Hortense s'assit sur un tabouret où le soleil du matin tomba sur sa tête, transformant ses cheveux en or. Elle fut très blonde et belle et la parure autour de sa gorge blanche, fut aussi rouge que ses lèvres.

"Ma chère," dit Giovanna, "ce dessin est la croix huguenote, n'est-ce pas?"

—Oui, chuchota la jeune fille protestante, effrayée.

—Peut-être que Mademoiselle de Vallance ne voudra pas un emblème huguenot sur son collier, et si la reine le voyait, qu'est-ce qui arriverait?

—Mais—elle, aussi, elle est—Hortense cessa. Son visage rougit.

—Ne le dites pas, ma chère. Je n'entends rien, je ne sais rien.

—J'ai soupçonné que vous et grand'mère et Pierre appartenez à cette secte méprisée. Paris est très gaie maintenant, pour le mariage de la Princesse Marguerite au Roi Henri de Navarre qui est protestant, mais gardez-vous de la reine. Ne vous fiez pas à elle. Gardez-vous mon enfant! Je vous aime, et catholique que je suis, je vous sauverais d'un destin cruel."

La fille était alarmée, maintenant.

"Il faut que j'aille à la reine maintenant pour des ordres, Hortense." Plaçant sa main sur la tête blonde, elle ajouta, "Echappez-vous, pendant qu'il y a du temps, ma chérie. Prenez grand'mère et Pierre et allez à Londres. Il y a du danger. Qui sait?—peut-être cette nuit. Adieu."

Après deux jours, Hortense alla au



palais avec le collier de dentelle.

"Mademoiselle de Vallance?" dit Hortense avec timidité au garde à la porte du palais.

—"Entrez, petite."

Un peu effrayée, elle entra et enfin trouva son amie.

"Hortense," s'écria-t-elle, comme je suis heureuse de vous voir, chérie. "Mais il me faut aller. La reine vient.—J'ai apporté le collier, mademoiselle."

—Un tel beau collier!—ma bourse, Madeleine.

—Non, mademoiselle, je n'accepte pas d'argent. C'est un cadeau de l'amour. Mais écoutez! J'ai fait la croix huguenote dans le collier. S'il vous plaît ne l'apportez pas. Il y aurait du danger."

Valerie rit, "La reine est amicale maintenant. Adieu."

Valerie mit le collier de dentelle et descendit au jardin du palais où la reine recevait pour le couple royal.

"Que portez-vous! Dentelle—dentelle italienne? Parlez fille.

—Votre majesté, c'est la croix huguenote." Les yeux de la reine flambaient—rebellion.

Jean de Vallance alla chercher sa sœur, Valérie, ce soir.

"Soyez prête à la porte, à minuit.

Amenez Hortense, Pierre et grand' mère avec vous, parce que ce sont des Huguenots fidèles. Il nous faut nous enfuir."

Un page, dans le service de Jean, apporta le message à Hortense.

"Minuit! Minuit!" répondait un gardien, qui repassait.

"Venez, mes chères", dit Hortense.

À ce moment, Paris s'éveilla; les cloches commencèrent à sonner avec violence. Les cris sonnèrent, "Morte aux Huguenots."

Portez ces cocardes. Elles vous aideront à vous échapper, dit Giovanna.

Près de la porte Monsieur Jean et Valérie attendaient avec une charrette.

Quand ils s'étaient assis dans la charrette Jean prit les brides et ils se mirent en route.

Vers la mer, Jean pressa le cheval fatigué. Enfin ils y trouvèrent un bateau, qui devait les apporter en Angleterre.

C'était au mois de septembre, 1572. De temps en temps. Hortense, assise près de la fenêtre, faisant des dessins de dentelle exquis, faisait une pause et maniait sa croix, qu'elle porte maintenant sans peur sur sa poitrine. De son coeur, la reconnaissance monta vers le bon Dieu, au ciel.

—Gladys M. Hannam, 5A.

COLUMB ET ISABELLE

La reine Isabelle est assise sur un trône et elle mange une pomme. Columb entre.

Isabelle: Bon jour, Christophe, comment vont vos plans?

Colomb: Votre majesté, j'ai besoin seulement de votre aide promise pour commencer à bâtir mes bateaux.

Isabelle (paraissant ennuyée): Vous savez comme les affaires ont été terribles récemment. Je l'ai demandée à Ferdinand, mais il a dit "non" très fermement.

Colomb: Mais vous avez dit qu'il serait

certain de m'aider!

Isabelle (en riant): Comme on sait peu de son mari!

Colomb (devenant irrité): Alors, vous ne m'aidez pas?

Isabelle: J'aimerais le faire, mais à vrai dire, je ne le peux.

Colomb: (maintenant très irrité): Voulez-vous répondre à une question pour moi?

Isabelle: Mais oui, mon brave homme.

Colomb: Qui était ce monsieur que j'ai



vu avec vous hier soir?

Isabelle (laissant tomber la pomme):
Quel monsieur?

Colomb: Vous le savez très bien, mais
j'oserais dire que Ferdinand ne le sait!

Isabelle (vite): Ferdie n'est pas ici!

Colomb: Eh bien, il sait lire et je sais
échire. (allant à la porte). Au revoir,
votre majesté.

Isabelle: Un moment, mon cher Chris-
tophe, cette parure vous serait-elle utile?

Colombe: Non, pas beaucoup.

Isabelle: Mais prenez-la! Je vous en
enverrai plus demain—assez pour votre
voyage.

Colomb: Merci bien, votre majesté!
(sortant) Adieu.

Isabelle: Ah, Christophe—

Colomb: Oui, votre majesté?

Isabelle: Ne vous dépêchez pas de
revenir.

—Helen Burrowes.



SA PETITE SOEUR

"Que fais-tu?" demanda Jeanne.

"Rien, ma petite soeur," répondit
Pierre en souriant.

Mais, tes leçons, lui dit-elle. Quand
les feras-tu?

Il se gratta la tête d'un air rêveur.

Elles sont si difficiles, mais si tu m'
aideras.

Jeanne sourit.

"Tu ne deviendras jamais célèbre, s'il
me faut toujours t'aider."

Elle s'assit, cependant, et bientôt les
problèmes furent finis.

Un soir, comme ils étaient assis ainsi,
Jeanne raconta à son frère un secret mer-
veilleux. Dieu avait besoin d'elle en Af-
rique. Elle y allait pour enseigner l'Evan-

gile.

"Qu'est-ce que je ferai sans toi", dit
Pierre.

Doucement elle repliqua:

"Fais de ton mieux, Pierre. C'est tout
ce qu'on te demandera."

Deux mois passèrent et Jeanne était al-
lée en Afrique. Pierre faisait ses devoirs.
Comme ils étaient difficiles! Il ne savait
pas les faire.

Puis il pensa entendre une voix, la voix
de sa soeur: "Fais de ton mieux, Pierre."

Faisait-il de son mieux? Il tâcha en-
core une fois et alors il se dit, "Tu m'
aideras encore, ma petite soeur, n'est-ce
pas? Et je ferai de mon mieux."

—Jean Tyrie, 4A.



Puis-je avoir congé cet après midi, monsieur? Ma femme est morte.

Mais je vous ai déjà donné un jour de congé le mois dernier parce que votre femme
était morte!

Justement, monsieur—elle est toujours morte.

* * * *

Votre épouse est une femme charmante.

Comme vous êtes bonne—vous ne savez donc pas ce qu'elle dit de vous?

Si, si—mais ni elle ni moi ne disons ce que nous pensons.

* * * *

Oui, mon grudre, j'ai rêvé que j'étais petit oiseau.

Quel dommage que nous n'étions pas dans le même rêve, moi j'ai rêvé oue j'étais fusil.



LE JARDIN SANS PRIX

On raconte une histoire d'un homme, qui avait un jardin fameux et qui, étant obligé de déménager, voulait le vendre à un ami. Étant un homme d'affaires, l'ami commença à se demander combien valait le jardin, et enfin, il apporta son estimation au propriétaire. Il avait considéré tous les articles en détail—la coûte de la cultivation et de la maçonnerie, des tuyaux de l'eau et de la fontaine, le coûte des murs et de la tonnelle et des arbres et des abrisseaux et des vignes et des fleurs après que le propriétaire avait regardé l'estimation de son ami, il dit, "Ceci n'est pas la valeur de mon jardin, mon ami. Vous n'avez placé une valeur ni sur le parfum des orangers, ni les gloires de mes fleurs, ni les centeurs exquis de mes palmiers et de mes grena-

diers. Vous n'avez pas fixé une valeur sur le chant des oiseaux dans mon jardin. Vous n'avez rien dit de la poussière d'eau de mes fontaines. Les choses matérielles sur lesquelles vous avez fait votre estimation, sont seulement le cadre pour la beauté qui donne la vie et le caractère au jardin—Mais hélas! ces choses, vous ne sauriez jamais les évaluer. Leur valeur dépendra entièrement de votre pouvoir d'en jouir."

Voyez-vous la morale de cette petite histoire? Encore il est si vrai qu'on accepte la beauté de la nature sans qu'on apprécie sa grandeur. Aussi faut-il former nos esprits pour jouir de la beauté que le bon Dieu a donnée si abondamment autour de nous.

—Wilma M. Milliken 5A.

L'ECOSSAIS BIEN CONNU

Dans cet an centenaire de la morte de Sir Walter Scott, nous avons lu et entendu parler beaucoup du fils célèbre de l'Ecosse. J'ai trouvé par hasard l'histoire suivante—qui n'est pas tout à fait impossible.

"Comment vous appelez-vous," demanda l'épicier au jeune garçon, qui cherchait du travail.

"Scott," répondit le garçon.

"Et votre nom de baptême?"

"Walter."

"C'est un nom très bien connu," remarqua l'épicier avec un sourire.

Le garçon sembla flatté.

"Il devrait l'être," répondit-il.

"Je livre les épicerie dans ces environs depuis deux ans."

—Gladys Hannam.

DIE ANKUNFT

In Monat Dezember führte die Vierte Klasse das Schauspiel "Die Ankunft" auf, das sehr interessant und drollig war.

DIE PERSONEN WAR :

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Frau Konrad | Margaret Eacrett |
| Emma | Barbara May |
| Frieda | Dorothea Durant |
| Robert | Doug. Simpson |
| Käthe | Dorothy Ramsay |
| Fritz Schmidt | Fred Rainsberry |
| Fritz Lender | Bill Doohan |

Als das Schauspiel beginnt, sprechen Frau Konrad und ihre zwei Tochter, Emma und Frieda, von dem Vetter Fritz der kommt, sie zu becushen. Offenbar kann er kein einziges wort Englisch, und sie werden immer Deutsch sprechen müssen. Dann kommt Robert herein, ein Junge von vierzehn Jahren, der verspricht kein Kauderwelsch zu brauchen und sich gut zu benchmen, Käthe, die Köchin, kommt herein und fragt was sie mit den Pfirsichen tun soll. Robert neckt Emma and



Frieda von dem jungen Vetter, der kommt. Dann beginnen sie alle von der Zeit zu sprechen, als Onkel Hermann sie besuchte und Frieda sagt, dasz Fritz sich vielleicht verirrt hat. Dann klingelt es und Käthe bringt Fritz herein. Er ist blond und rotwangig und ist bäuerish gekleidet. Er benimmt sich auf eine drolliche, tolpische Weise und scheint ziem-

lich dumm zu sein. Plötzlich klingelt es wieder und Käthe führt einen schlanken gekleideten jungen Mann herein, der Fritz Lender sein will. Es ist einige Augenblicke viel Verwirrung bis der erste Fritz gefunden wurde, der Vetter der Käthe zu sein und das Schauspiel vollendet mit jedermann zufrieden.

—Doug. Simpson.



DER WIRTIN TOCHTERLEIN

Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,

Bei einer Frau Wirtin da kehrten sie ein.

»Frau Wirtin, hat Sie gut Bier und Wein?

Wo hat Sie ihr schönes Tochterlein?»

»Mein Bier und Wein ist frisch und klar,
Mein Tochterlein liegt auf der Totenbahr «

Und als sie traten zur Kammer hinein,
Da lag sie in einem schwarzen Schrein.

Der erste der schlug den Schleier zurück
Und schaute sie an mit traurigem Blick:

»Ach, lebstest du noch, du schöne Maid!
Ich würde dich lieben von dieser Zeit.«

Der zweite deckte den Schleier zu
Und kehrte sich ab und weinte dazu:

»Ach, dasz du liegst auf der Totenbahr!
Ich hab' dich geliebet so manches Jahr.«

Der dritte hub ihn wieder sogleich
Und küsste sie an den Mund so bleich:

»Dich liebt' ich immer, dich lieb' ich noch
heut'
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit.«

—Ludwig Alland.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

Three comrades come from over the Rhine

To one, Frau Wirtin, to stay for a time.

"Frau Wirtin have you good wine and beer?

And is your beautiful daughter here?"

"My ale and wine are fresh and clear,
My beloved daughter lies on her bier."

And when the three walked into the room,

They saw her in the sombre gloom.

The first who did uncover the place
Looked down on her with a mournful face.

Hadst thou but lived, thou beautiful maid,

I would love thee always until I died.

The second again, did cover her face,
And weeping turned from the holy place.

Ah, there you lie on your cold death-bed,
You, for whom my heart has bled.

But the third, he lifted the veil again,
And kissing the pallid lips, said then—

I have loved thee always, I love thee to-day,

And I shall love thee dear—aye.

—Margaret Eacrett, Coll. 4A.



DAS ZERBROCHENE RINGLEIN

In einem kühlen Grunde
Da geht ein Mühlenrad,
Mein' Liebste ist verschwunden,
Die dort gewohnt hat.

Sie hat mir Treu versprochen,
Gab mir ein'n Ring dabei,
Sie hat die Treu gabrochen,
Mein Ringlein sprang entzwei.

Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen
Weit in die Welt hinaus
Und singen meine Weisen
Und gehn von Haus zu Haus.

Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
Wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

Hor' ich das Mühlenrad gehen:
Ich weisz nicht, was ich will—
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
Da wär's auf einmal still!

THE BROKEN RING

Translation from the German Das Zerbrochene Ringlein, by Eichendorff.

In a shady valley,
Beside an old millstream,
There lived my little sweetheart,
The fairest maid e'er seen.

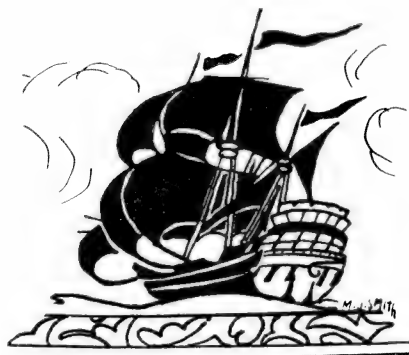
Her troth to me she plighted
And sealed it with a ring
But she has quite deceived me
And broke my dainty ring.

Oh, to be a minstrel—
I'd roam the wide world o'er
And tell my tale of plighted hopes
In song, from door to door.

Or to be a soldier,
To the battle I would fly,
Then round the fires in darkest night,
In quietness I'd lie.

But if I hear a mill wheel,
I know not where to lie;
I can only wander up and down
And only wish to die.

—Ruth Robinson, 3A.





ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Wolfville, N. S.

As usual well up to its standard of literary excellence. To carry out the extensive program of this well-balanced monthly magazine, requires a strong school spirit, functioning well. We offer our congratulations.

ACTA LUDI—Oshawa, Ont.

A very interesting publication, but keeping your advertisements together would help a lot.

ACTA NOSTRA—Guelph, Ont.

A splendid, well-bound edition. We compliment those responsible for the material and illustrations, for their efforts in representing every phase of school life.

ACTI COLLEGII—Chatham, Ont.

A good magazine, but why not try a language department. It would improve your book a great deal.

ALMA COLLEGE—St. Thomas, Ont.

Your pictures are so inviting that they arouse our desire to see and know more of your college. It appears to be ideally situated. It gives very explicit knowledge for the purpose for which it is written.

AUDITORIUM—Owen Sound, Ont.

Your sections are well-written. The Exchange section is absolutely different, getting away from the usual trend of this column. The literary division might be enlarged, and have a suitable heading. The absence of cartoons is noticeable.

BLUE AND WHITE—Walkerville, Ont.

One of our best exchanges, and we are happy to say we always welcome your book, but there is one comment we would like to make. Why not have a language department?

THE BUGLE—Crescent Heights, Calgary, Alberta

Always eager to hear from our Western friends. We enjoyed your publication and feel that every year will see its quality increased. Special sections for Literature, Languages and Poetry might make it more consistent.

CANTUARIAN—King's School, Canterbury

All that the name implies, and a little more. Your Fiftieth Anniversary Number contained interesting information. A literary section with illustrations for the sections might prove effective additions. We should like to suggest that the picture of your school might be placed in a more prominent position.

**EASTERN ECHO**—Toronto, Ont.

One of our best exchanges. Your school spirit is very evident from the well-blended contents and athletic development. The "Interesting Signatures" section is novel. Why shouldn't hobbies have a place in our school as well as home life?

THE FETTESIAN—Fettes College, Edinburgh

Another welcome overseas exchange. The athletic pictures are very fine. Why not add literary and poetry sections with headings?

HELLO—Brantford, Ont.

An excellent publication. Smart cover and excellent sketches. We wish to say that your magazine will always be welcome as an exchange.

KELVIN—Technical High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba

One of our best exchanges. We marvel at the expansion of your Athletic Plan. Bowling, Badminton, Curling and Skating are new features which other schools might take up.

LAMPADION—Hamilton, Ont.

Your publication certainly shows good school spirit. We cannot give anything else but our highest praise.

LANTERN—Beck C. I., London, Ont.

Your magazine deserves the highest praise. The magazine is interesting and the departments are arranged very well throughout the book. The cover and art work is exceptionally clever.

THE PARKDALIAN—Toronto, Ont.

A very interesting magazine, but we think a modern language department and table of contents would improve your magazine. Why not try it?

RAREBITS—Burlington, Ont.

Your material is very interesting and art work is excellent, but why not keep the advertising together?

ROYAL BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION

Our only publication from Ireland. Welcome, stranger. For its modest size this is quite an interesting booklet, harmoniously combined. Why not group the poetry in one section? Do you ever add snapshots or photographs? Why not try it?

SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—Aurora, Ont.

One of the best we have seen, displaying originality and having especially good sketches and snapshots. We have nothing to add which might improve your periodical. A real book for a boy's college.

SCARBORO BLUFF—Scarboro, Ont.

Smart cover and sketches excellent. Material is very interesting, but it isn't arranged very well.

THE SCREECH OWL—Bowmanville, Ont.

An annual, well-rounded out, with much of interest. Why not have a separate section for poetry? Your cover is good.

**THE TATLER**—Lindsay, Ont.

Your material is worthy of our highest praise. The form notes were enjoyed very much. One of our best exchanges.

TECALOGUE—London, Ont.

An excellent magazine. There isn't any comments we can make on your publication. The pencil sketches are the best we have ever seen. Keep up the good work.

THE TECH TELLY—Moosejaw, Saskatchewan

You deserve much credit for your First Publication Number. We shall expect even greater things to arrive from such a fine start. Wouldn't Hockey and Rugby uniforms, even if irregular, be more effective in the picture?

TIMES—Kingston, Ont.

Well arranged but not enough humor and you also lack a language department. Why not try it?

THE TWIG—University of Toronto Schools.

An excellent publication; very interesting. Enjoyed the editorial on Co-Education. Form notes are very well planned. We shall always welcome your magazine as an Exchange.

WATSONIAN—George Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland

One of our few exchanges from the old country. A well-bound magazine with fine photographs interspersed with splendid section headings for columns excellently written.

YE FLAME—Regina Central Collegiate

A small but complete magazine, well worth reading. The form notes written in succession creates interest. Why not table the contents?

**WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT US****RAREBITS**—Burlington Collegiate

A clear-cut exchange department. Your articles as well as your music and poetry are quite worthy of mention.

PARKDALIAN—Toronto

A nicely printed exchange. Could suggest no improvement.

LAMPADION—Hamilton

Your edition is complete in every department. We have nothing but the highest praise.





COMMENCEMENT

ONLY a fair number of students and parents paid tribute to the members of the graduating class on the evening of Thursday, December 22nd. The school auditorium was the scene of the annual commencement exercises of the Sarnia Collegiate.

The introductory remarks were made by Mr. A. W. Tennant, chairman of the Board of Education. He congratulated the graduates on behalf of the Board, and praised those winning medals, and certificates for proficiency.

Following Mr. Asbury's comments on the year's work, the scholarship awards were made. Elsie Ritchie upheld the tradition of her family, which has brought much distinction to the Sarnia Collegiate, by obtaining a brilliant scholarship record. She received the Margaret Anna Brock scholarship in English and History, the James Harris scholarship in English and History, the Robert Bruce scholarship, and also the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County.

David Stanley was awarded the Sir Bertram Windle scholarship in Classics, and also the Second Carter scholarship. John Depew received the D. M. Grant scholarship for Proficiency in Middle School. Certificates of distinction and honour em-

blems were also presented.

The Rev. G. A. Sisco addressed the graduating class, urging the students to go out into the world, and put into practice those fundamentals obtained during their academic career. He regarded the graduates as representatives of an important educational institute with a splendid record.

The graduation diplomas were presented, and Elsie Eadie Ritchie, who gave the Valedictory Address, was accorded hearty applause.

Field Day Awards and W.O.S.S.A. medals were presented later in the program. Donald McGregor won the senior all-round boys' athletic championship, Harland Tennant, Intermediate and Constant Cote, Junior. Jane Chong won the senior girls' championship.

A dance entitled "Rustic Courtship", directed by Miss Ramsden, was gracefully presented by Mabel Couse, Marie Hamilton, Margaret Hayes, and Jeanne Needham.

The school orchestra under Mr. Brush provided an excellent musical programme, and with the playing of the National Anthem, brought to a close an evening which was enjoyed by all.



SECOND YEAR LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing—Robert Nash, Leonard Hossie, Francis de Jersey, Dorothy Brown, Mr. Asbury, Norman Sisco, Jack Clunie, Rodolfo Mendizabal.
Seated—Helen Simpkins, Jeanne Gallie, Jennie Ross, Nancy Patrick, Mr. O'Donohue, Jean Phillips (Pres.), Esther McMahon, Nellie Julien, Pauline Aitken.

THE SECOND FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE

Honorary President—Mr. O'Donohue. President—Jean Phillips.
Vice-President—Robert Nash. Secretary—Nellie Julien. Treasurer—Pauline Aitken
Tech. Rep.—Nancy Patrick. Tech. Rep.—B. De Jersey.
Boy Reporter—Rodolpho Mendizabal. Girl Reporter—Edith Finch.
Pianist—Dorothy Brown.

IN an effort to provide full scope for the development of the literary and dramatic ability of its members, the Senior Form Literary Society has, this year, adopted a varied program of activities. As outlined by the President, Jean Phillips, in her address at the first meeting in November, the executive is offering for competition this year a suitable trophy to be awarded to the form which, in the opinion of the members, presents the most meritorious program.

A wide variety of entertainment has resulted from the co-operation and enthusiasm aroused by this plan. At the November meeting T2B presented selec-

tions from Nicholas Nickleby, under the direction of Mr. Payne. C2 followed with several scenes from Oliver Twist, supervised by Mr. Graham. On February 3rd, 2C, with Miss La Piere as director, offered a short one-act play, "The Dear Departed." Among the programmes planned for the latter part of the term are a Mock Council Meeting, a Radio Broadcast, "Living Pictures," a debate, interpretative dances and gymnastics.

The society's officers wish to express their appreciation for the splendid co-operation of teachers and members which is making possible a very successful year's work.



FIRST YEAR LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing—Don Clatworthy, Alex Bedard.
Seated—Alice Fulcher, Jack Kirk (Pres.), Miss Ferrier, Marjorie Hawes, Violet Wareham.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

1ST FORM DIVISION

OFFICERS

Hon. Pres.—Miss G. R. Ferrier.
President—Jack Kirke.
Vice-President—Marjorie Hawes.
Secretary—Olga Mackey.

Due to the increased numbers of pupils in the junior forms, it was necessary to divide the Society into two groups, those of the first forms and those of the second forms.

At a preliminary meeting, the inaugural speech by the president, Jack Kirke, was given on behalf of the form representatives.

The feature of the next meeting took the form of a very amusing play entitled "Box and Cox" which was very well put on by the members of T1A.

As yet, the society has not been able to hold as many meetings as they wished but they are anticipating more in the future.



DEBATING CLUB

Top Row—John Harvey, Gordon Ritchie, Marcel Sadoquis, Harold Hannam, Fred Hainsberry, Orville Hossie, Fred Shaw, Raymond Coveney, Ray Keelan, Lawrence Hall, Donald Gordon.
 Middle Row—Robert Nash, John Hayes, Jean Phillips, Richard Pearson, Louise Geddes, John Depew, Margaret Eacrett, John Danner, Clara Kerr, Howard Prettie, Dorothy Ramsay, Woodrow Wooley, Margaret Hayes, Roger Anderson, Blanche Gibb, Duncan McDermid.
 Front Row—Emma Hargrove, Patricia LeNeve, Mr. Asbury, Miss McRoberts, Melvin Ramsay (Pres.), Mr. Payne, Marguerite Peterson, Anna Marsh, Thelma Ball.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

EXECUTIVE

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Mr. Payne, Honorary President. | Melvin Ramsay, President. |
| Richard Pearson, Vice-President. | Dorothy Ramsay, Secretary. |

This club was formed to give the students an opportunity to learn the finer points of public speaking and debating. The fact that Sarnia, both boys and girls, are represented in the W.O.S.S.A. finals in public speaking, and also in debates shows quite clearly the benefits derived from this society which meets each Thursday.

All debates are held in parliamentary style which has a two-fold purpose. Everyone has an opportunity to speak instead of a chosen group; the students be-

come more intimate with parliamentary activities, as practically all the topics deal with the Canadian Government. The members are divided into two groups, government and the opposition. The leader introduces the resolution and then each member is given a chance to speak, after which the resolution is voted upon. It is needless to say that there has been many lively and interesting discussions.

The club wishes to express their appreciation to all those who have contributed to its success.



PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTS

SINCE the last issue of "The Collegiate" a new idea has been introduced into the four groups of the Contest. In all groups, besides the prepared speech, there must be a three-minute impromptu speech. There were several elimination contests before the representatives were finally chosen. The two in the Senior division were Clara Kerr on "The Use and Abuse of High School Sports" and Raymond Coveney on "Technocracy". In February, these two representatives contested at St. Thomas in the district competition. Clara Kerr succeeded in winning the Girls' Contest but Raymond Co-

veney was unsuccessful although he had an excellent speech.

The junior pupils chosen to represent Sarnia in the Junior Division of the contest were Jean Phillips on "Travelogue" and Raymond Keelan on "Preventative Medicine". These representatives entered the district competition held at Sarnia and were both successful in winning. They are now entitled to compete in the W.O.S.S.A. finals.

At the time of writing, the W.O.S.S.A. A. finals for Public Speaking have not been held.



W.O.S.S.A. DEBATING

THUS far this year, the debaters, both boys and girls, have been very successful.

The first debate in the girls' series was with Forest on the subject, "Resolved that the awarding of scholarships and competitive prizes are in the best interests of education." Margaret Eacrett and Patricia LeNeve debated at home while Dorothy Ramsay and Lillian Laine went to Forest. The Sarnia girls were successful in winning at both places.

The next debate was competed with Patterson Collegiate, Windsor, on the subject, "Resolved that chain stores, financed by outside capital, are a benefit to the community." While Margaret Doo-han and Hazel Symington did not win here, Anna Marsh and Marion Westfall won the contest at Windsor.

In the next debate, "Resolved that the Canadian Government should establish unemployment insurance," Barbara Mae and Emma Hargrove defended the affirmative side at London while Ruth Robinson and Margaret Hayes upheld the

negative side of the debate here. Sarnia was again successful in winning both debates. The Sarnia girls are now entitled to enter the W.O.S.S.A. finals which have not yet been held.

Thus far, the boys have been just as successful as the girls. The first of the boys' debates, "Resolved that Fascism in Italy has justified itself," was contested with Assumption College at Windsor. Melvin Ramsay and Raymond Coveney were successful in winning the negative side at home, but Gordon Ritchie and Howard Prettie did not win the affirmative at Windsor. However, on the total number of the points, Sarnia came first.

The next debate, "Resolved that Canada should encourage trade with other parts of the Empire rather than with foreign countries," was upheld at St. Thomas by Melvin Ramsay and John Hayes, while Lawrence Hall and Howard Prettie debated at home. This time, Sarnia won at both places. The W.O.S.S.A. finals at the time of writing, have not been held.



HART HOUSE QUARTET

On the afternoon of January 20 the students had the pleasure of listening to the Hart House String Quartet. It was, to say the least, a very enjoyable surprise. This group is sponsored by the Massey Foundation, and their services are given gratis to the larger collegiats throughout the country.

This world famous quartet played the

finest music of masters, both past and present, and their programme consisted of numbers ranging from heavy concert selections to well-known hymns and folk songs. This variety of numbers helped the audience (whether well versed in music or not), to appreciate their concert, and it is hoped that we may soon have the privilege of hearing them again.



MUSIC APPRECIATION

Each Tuesday a small group of music lovers assemble in one of the school rooms to enjoy and benefit by the lessons in Music Appreciation given by Dr. Stratford, a man well versed in classical music.

He plays his records of famous operas and symphonic works and explains them

in a most interesting manner so that more can be got from these vocal and instrumental presentations.

He has already played the operas "Werder" and "Aida" and Brahms' 5th Symphony. Those attending these classes receive splendid training in the appreciation of these classical works.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

Since its beginning, this new musical organization has progressed steadily under the direction of Mr. Hargreaves, one of the city's most competent leaders, who also conducts the Sarnia Male Chorus.

The chorus is open only to first and second form students and is expected to be the basis for a permanent school chor-

us. The membership is now approximately fifty, and these take great interest in their rehearsals. Since their first practice at the beginning of the new year 1933, they have worked faithfully and are now planning to enter the Lambton Music Festival in the High School Chorus division.



S. C. I. & T. S. BAND

DURING the time that has elapsed since the last publication of the "Collegiate" the band has steadily maintained its already high reputation. Of the original members only a very few are left, but each year has seen a sufficient number of recruits ready and willing to step forward and take the places of those who have graduated.

The Board of Education has continued to give its yearly grant for the purchase of music, and Mr. Brush continues to give inspiring and efficient leadership.

The Cadet Corps benefits from the assistance given by the band, and tributes of praise are always freely given by the public when the band leads the Cadet Corps on the march or assists in the parade on the campus.

The absence of a band concert was noted by several people, who expressed their desire to hear more of this organization. Consequently, preparations are being made for one during the 1933 year, when it is expected that the high standard of former years will be fully maintained.

PERSONNEL

Clarinets—Leroy Smith, Art Smith, John Hall, Frank Bonner, Harold Cares, Harold McAdams, Dean Dailey, James

Smith, Ray Oliver.

Saxophones—Allan Hamilton, Irwin Buxton, Bud Glenn.

Trumpets—Jack Garrett, Jack Newton, Ernest Murray, Jim Greason, Ken Oliver, Bill Beasley, Bob Barr.

Alto Horns—Wilmer Pilkey, Bruce Taylor.

Trombones—Herb Jackson, Charles Stover, Sinclair Manser.

Baritone Horns—Bob Shannon, Don Greason, George Pippard.

Basses—Mr. Dobbins, Everett Milner.

Drums—Jim Driscoll, Don Levitt.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

The Junior Orchestra offers a great training for the younger musicians of the Collegiate and those just preparing to enter from the public schools.

Mr. Brush, leader of the Senior Orchestra, also conducts this junior group. Under his baton they played in the Lambton Festival and were criticized very favourably by the adjudicator. They won first place, playing the test piece "Intermezzo" by Schmidt. This year they are again entering and are preparing "Mazurka" by Weigand.



S. C. I. & T. S. ORCHESTRA

HOW many of the students who fill the assembly hall every morning of the school year realize that the music furnished by the orchestra makes a pleasure out of what would otherwise be an irksome duty? Although the members may sometimes feel that the students lack in appreciation, their own enthusiasm and Mr. Brush's capable direction makes a success of this school activity.

Last year, owing to general financial circumstances it was thought wise to dispense with the "Orchestra-Band" concert which has been an annual event ever since the organization of the orchestra. However, the orchestra entered the Lambton Music Festival and was successful in winning the shield in the open orchestra division for the third successive time. The competition selection was the "Orpheus" overture. This indicates the high standard which is being maintained. Due to lack of funds the orchestra and band were unable to go to Stratford to compete at their festival.

In order to attain the same quality of music they have again entered the Lambton Festival, and are now preparing the "Andante Movement from the Fifth

Symphony" by Tschaikowsky.

The personnel of the orchestra includes:

1st Violins—John Kane, Allan Hamilton, Mason Vokes, Norman McMillen, Gordon Smith, Douglas Simpson, Jim Williamson, Bill Cole, Kathleen Curtin, Ethel Kenney.

2nd Violins—Stuart McDermid, Roy Kent, Eileen Walker, Alex Murray, Bill Harris, Gladys Burns.

1st Clarinets—Arthur Smith, John Hall.

2nd Clarinets—Harold Cares, Harold McAdams.

Alto Saxophones—Frank Bonner, Irwin Buxton.

Tenor Saxophone—Bud Glenn.

1st Trumpets—Jack Garrett, Jack Newton.

2nd Trumpets—Ernest Murray, James Greason.

Alto Horns—Wilmar Pilkey, Bruce Taylor.

Trombones—Sinclair Manser, Herb Jackson.

Euphonium—Bob Shannon.

Basses—Mr. Dobbins, Everett Milner.

Drums—Jim Driscoll.



AT HOME

THE 1932 At Home, held in the school gymnasium on the evening of December 30th, was one of the jolliest dances of the Christmas season. The splendid representation of the alumni, for whom the dance was sponsored, and also of the students, gave a wholesome school spirit to the affair.

The gymnasium was attractively converted into a summer-like bower of green and white lattice and rose and pink streamer effect. The patrons and patronesses were: Principal and Mrs. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tennant, Mr.

and Mrs. G. L. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Batten. A delightful programme of dance music was furnished by the Casa Nova orchestra under the direction of Bill Clark. During the evening light refreshments were served. The dance lasted from nine o'clock until one o'clock.

The committee, under the leadership of Tom Doohan, was very efficient. Other members were: Refreshments, Mabel Couse; Decorations, Stella White; Invitations, Grace Chambers; Programmes, Art Hueston.



THE FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

This year the Freshmen's Reception was held in October and was particularly well handled. Everybody concerned enjoyed themselves, while the freshmen were given a reminder that they were just beginning an important period of their life.

The members of the Boys' Athletic

Executive were in charge of the arrangement and after an address and the taking of the freshmen's oath, the boys were put through a few more reminders by the Juniors while the Sophomores looked on.

The evening was wound up by the serving of refreshments, a feature much appreciated by all.



THE RUGBY DANCE

AFTER a more or less disappointing season as far as the W.O.S.S.A. was concerned, in that the team did not attain the championship, the Senior Rugby Organization concluded its 1932 activities by holding an informal dance, Friday evening, November 25th, in an effort to raise funds to meet outstanding liabilities. Permission to hold the dance in the boys' gymnasium was generously granted by the Principal, Mr. Asbury.

Coming at a season noticeable for its lack of social functions, the dance proved a great attraction under the patronage of

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tennant, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Logie, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. White, Mr and Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. L. Fielding.

A large crowd, including both students and graduates, enjoyed dancing from 9 until 12 o'clock to the music of the Casa Nova Orchestra.

When the dance finally drew to a close the wish was generally expressed that this event should become an annual affair.

The attendance and financial result was very satisfying to the committee in charge.



FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

THE annual reception for the newcomers to the S. C. I. was held in the latter part of November. Although threatened with dire punishment, the freshettes filled the boys' gym. Commercial 1B won the prize (all day suckers) for the best impromptu skit. The seniors wasted no time initiating the youngsters with the aid of molasses and other

special equipment.

The senior girls, assisted by Miss Ramsden, gave several dances which were a welcome change from the noisy initiation.

After the girls were made aware of their position as students of the S. C. I., they were sent home. The evening's enjoyment compensated any sting which the Freshettes may have suffered.



THE CADET DANCE

The Cadet Dance, always a very enjoyable affair, was no exception last year. Quite a large crowd attended the dance held in the gymnasium of the school, on the evening of May 20th, following the Cadet Inspection. The Cadet Officers in blue uniforms and the ladies in bright gowns added much colour to the

affair. Music was furnished by a school band and dancing enjoyed from nine until twelve. The Grand March was led by Col. and Mrs. S. G. Stokes. The patrons and patronesses were Col. and Mrs. S. G. Stokes, Major and Mrs. E. L. Fielding, and Captain and Mrs. A. R. Mendizabal.



LEADERS

CADET INSPECTION

THE inspection last year was held on the afternoon of May 20th. Preceding the inspection a route march was held, the parade leaving the campus and going down Wellington St. past the Library, where the salute was taken by Major Jeffries, District Cadet Officer. Also present at the saluting base were Lt. Col. S. G. Stokes, M.C.; Major J. S. Milne, Major E. L. Fielding, Major W. P. Doohan, Capt. F. J. Payne and Mr. F. C. Asbury. The march continued down Christina to George St. and up George to College and then back to the school.

The corps was then formed up in line by Cadet Major T. F. Doohan for the inspection proper. The corps was inspected by Major Jeffries accompanied by Mr. Asbury and officers of the Lambton Regiment.

Following the inspection, Battalion, Company, and Platoon drills were carried out, the whole corps executing the movements very regularly. After the different drills were finished the battalion formed up in mass for physical training work. While the gym team was giving an exhibition the battalion formed a hol-

low square and were addressed by Major Jeffries who expressed his appreciation of the work of the corps. Owing to the illness General Armstrong was unable to attend. The Cadets wish to take this opportunity of congratulating General Armstrong on his promotion to the rank of Major General.

Last year the corps was successful in winning first place for physical training and retained the handsome Physical Training Trophy presented to the district by Strathcona Trust. The battalion came second in general efficiency for the second successive time.

OFFICERS AND N. C. O.'s

O.C.—Cadet Major T. F. Doohan.

2/I.C.—Cadet Capt. C. Cook.

Adjutant—Cadet Capt. D. McLeod.

Quartermaster—Cadet Lieut. D. M. McGillivray.

A COMPANY

Cadet Capt. W. Reid.

Cadet Lieut. J. Lewis.

Cadet Lieut. R. Hart.

Cadet Lieut. R. Ofield.



PERSONNEL OF RIFLE TEAM

Standing—Leslie Craig, Donald McGillivray, William Doohan, Howard Prettie, Bill Hutchin-
son, Owen Lockhart, Dean Dailey, Bill Allen, Jim Greason, Gordon Ritchie, Jack McKellar,
Walter Weston, Harland Tennant.
Seated—Douglas Simpson, Jack DeCou, Harry Jennings, Glen Dailey, Bernard Chamberlain,
Cadet Major T. F. Doohan, Capt. A. R. Mendizabal, Rodolfo Mendizabal, Constant Cote,
Robert Gates, Manuel Taylor.

B COMPANY

Cadet Capt. G. Fraser.
Cadet Lieut. T. Doherty.
Cadet Lieut. R. Ewener.
Cadet Lieut. H. Backman

C COMPANY

Cadet Capt. J. Geary
Cadet Lieut. G. Tessier
Cadet Lieut. S. Austin
BAND
Cadet Lieut. L. Smith

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

B.S.M.—O. Lockhart

A COMPANY

C.S.M. J. Griffith
Sergt. H. Kelly
Sergt. A. Hueston
Sergt. J. Woodcock

BAND

Sergt. J. Garrett.

B COMPANY

C.S.M. W. Teskey
Sergt. M. Ramsey
Sergt. K. McMillan
Sergt. C. Jones

C COMPANY

C.S.M. A. Hamilton.
Sergt. T. Fraser
Sergt. D. Twaits
Orderly Sergt.—L. Smith.

CADET DAY

"Now Johnny, are your buttons shined?"

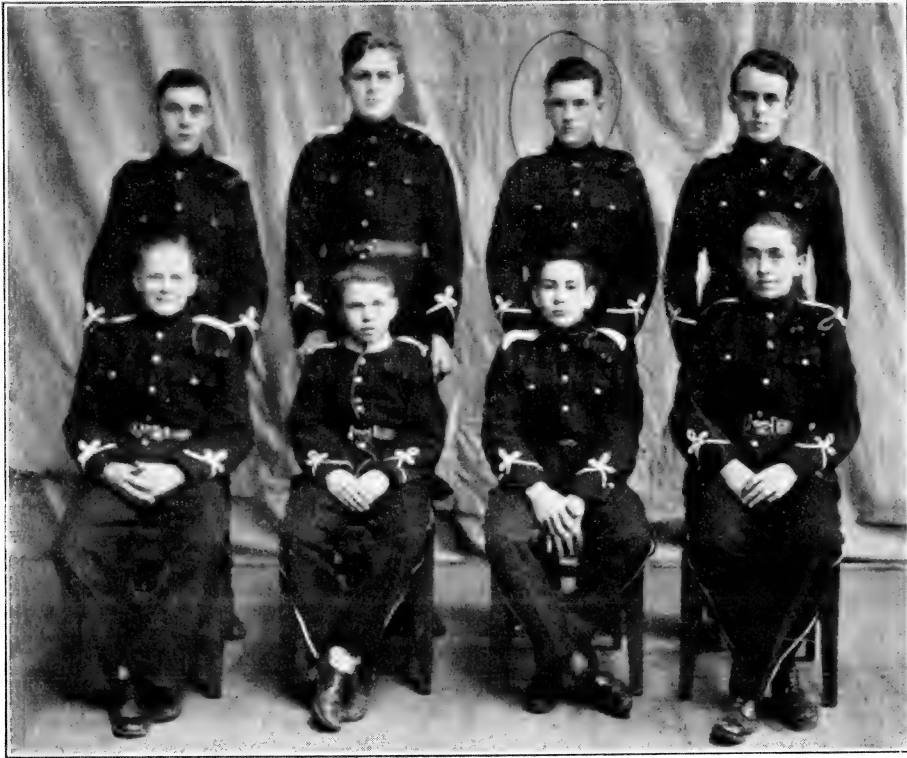
"Ah, ma, leave me alone;
Anybody'd think that never before
Had I"—"Why there's the phone!"

"Dear Johnny, Mary wants to talk to you."

"Gosh, girls do get my goat—
Yes, Mary"—"Johnny sweet, I wish to say
Make sure you brush your coat."

"Well, Bob, I'm here, but I must say
That woman folk don't know
That they're an awful nuisance
When they want to boss the show !

I sure am tired of marching—why
There's Mary and my mum !
I feel like half a million dollars,
Now I've seen those two, by gum !"



FIRST AID TEAMS

Standing—Fred Shaw, Gordon Smith, Robert Gates, Jim Greason.
Seated—Cecil Chesher, LaVerne Aiken, Rodolfo Mendizabal, Ray Keelan.

FIRST AID

A GREAT deal of interest has been taken in First Aid during the last few years and many boys have tried for a place on the teams. There are two teams, one senior and one junior, entered in district competition. The teams were examined for standing in the district by Lieut.-Colonel Lawson of London.

Mr. Louis Crockett should be congratulated on the excellent work the boys are doing, and the members of both teams wish to take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation to him.

Although the seniors were unsuccessful in keeping up the standing which was

attained by last year's team, namely, first place in the Dominion, they were successful in winning third place in the district.

The junior team was quite successful, winning the St. John's Ambulance Association Trophy, besides standing first in the district and second in Ontario.

The members of the teams are as follows:

Seniors—Gordon Smith (Capt.), James Greason, James Skelton, Lionel Williams, Fred Shaw (Spare).

Juniors—Robert Gates (Capt.), Rodolfo Mendizabal, Cecil Chesher, Kenneth Oliver, J. Lennox (Spare).



RIFLE SHOOTING

SPECIAL mention should be made in reporting this activity, concerning the method now used in conducting the shooting gallery.

Under Captain A. R. Mendizabal a system has been established whereby members of the Cadet Corps assist in managing the gallery. The gallery last year was in charge of Cadet Major T. F. Doohan.

In the D. C. R. A. competitions conducted monthly in January, February and March, one senior team and two junior teams were entered. The senior team obtained second class certificates. The first junior team obtained first class certificates and the second team second class certificates.

For general proficiency the following awards were made, among seniors:

Special award G. Wade 95% average, Bronze awards to J. McKellar, R. Gates and H. Tennant among juniors, Special award D. Martin, Bronze awards G. Dailey 93% average, W. Hutchinson and D. Simpson 91% averages.

In order to qualify in the Youth of the Empire Match, the boys must obtain an average of at least sixty per cent. This year two hundred and eighty five qualified. The high scores were as follows:

Seniors—J. McKellar 96, G. McKellar 95, R. Gates 95.

Juniors—R. Mendizabal 94, D. Martin 94.

The following Dominion Marksmen Pins were awarded:

Bronze—G. Dailey, B. Chamberlain, D. Simpson, H. Prettie, T. Cook, E. Tennant, J. DeCou, L. Craig.

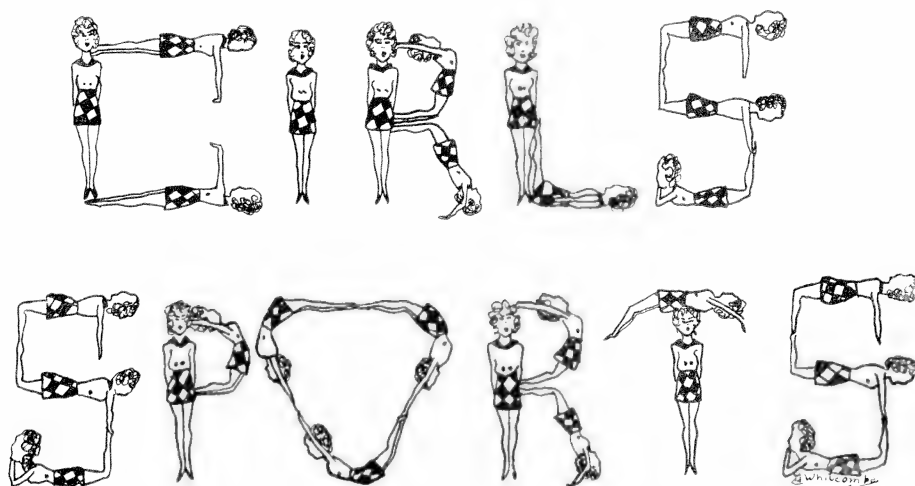
Silver—G. McKellar, L. Mathers, H. Tennant, G. Dailey, R. Mendizabal, H. Walker, D. Simpson, B. Chamberlain.

Gold—T. Mathers, G. Wade, G. McKellar, G. Dailey, D. Simpson, D. Martin.

George Wade was successful in winning the Gold Ring presented by the D. C. R. A.

The Strathcona Silver Medal for the best shot in the school was won by Jack McKellar.





THE benefits derived from sports are innumerable. Sports train the mind to think quickly and to make accurate decisions. In basketball, for example, players must move quickly and every move should be to the advantage of the team. Clear and effective thinking in moments of crisis is thus derived.

The muscles are developed and made to respond to the dictates of the mind and eye. This co-ordination of the mind and muscle creates poise, and ability to meet any situation readily. The development of the body should under no condition be neglected, for what good is a mind without a body.

The development of that quality of character we call sportsmanship is shown in those who are good losers as well as good winners, not only on the playing-field, but in the game of life too.

Basketball, volley-ball, dancing, soccer, track and field, all afford an excellent chance for the intelligent girl to make herself physically fit.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

OFFICERS

President, Margaret Hayes; Vice-President, Margaret MacGregor; Secretary, Millicent MacGregor; Treasurer, Hazel Brown.

CURATORS

Track and Field, Sally Lewis; Soccer, Donna Culley; Basketball, Margaret McGibbon; Volley-ball, Mabel Couse; Softball, Marian Westfall; Swimming, Thelma Hall; Dancing, Hazel Symington.

The aim of the Girls' Athletic Association is to provide an opportunity for every girl to get the benefits from the various activities. Each sport is given a certain length of time during the year. The class work leads up to interform competitions. September is for Track and Field work, October and November,

for Soccer. Basketball is to be taken care of during the months of December and January. Volley-ball is in February and March, and Softball, in April and May.

The girls' classes were divided into three groups: Senior, Intermediate and Junior. Each group is assigned a special game night each week.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Standing—Millicent MacGregor, Marjorie MacGregor, Hazel Brown, Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, Sally Lewis, Marion Westfall, Thelma Ball.
Seated—Margaret McGibbon, Hazel Symington, Donna Culley, Margaret Hayes, Mabel Couse.

AWARD OF CRESTS

The G. A. A. give crests to girls making the highest scores on "All Year Round" programs. Points are given for class work, participation in tournaments, meets, etc.

The highest scorer or All-Round Champion gets the Senior "S". In 1931-32 Jane Chong was the All-Round Champion, and the following girls were given crests on the last assembly of the year, presented by Miss Ramsden: Pauline Aitkin, Jean

Cobban, Mabel Couse, Wilhemina Dowie, Margaret Hargrove, Margaret Hayes, Florence Hill, Sally Lewis, Marjorie MacGregor, Mary MacGregor, Millicent MacGregor, Margaret McGibbon, Audrey Neillan, Elsie Ritchie, Anna Tennant, Dell Smith. This group held a successful "get together hike" last June.

The Interform Championship went to Collegiate 5A. They were presented with a pennant on the last assembly of the year.

TRACK AND FIELD

INTERFORM COMPETITION

Every year it is arranged that one day be set apart for track and field events in which keen competitions take place. Miss Ramsden has arranged this so that more girls take part in the sport than they did

formerly. Each form enters a team of eight in every event. This provides a better opportunity for more girls to take part.

The Interform winners for the year of 1932 were: Senior, Collegiate 4B; In-



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row—Gordon Craig, Vern Boyington, Logan MacKenzie.
Front Row—Enid Whitling, Blanche Finch, Ettie Rainsberry.

intermediate, Commercial 2; Junior, Technical 1B.

The Interform Competition takes place in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, Individual Competition takes place. With the interform competition providing for mass participation, the restricted number of entries in the individual events resulted in very keen competition between the best performers in the interform work.

Several excellent school records were established. The best ones were: Ettie Rainsberry, Senior Hop, Step, and Jump—9 ft. 8 in.; Enid Whitling, Intermediate High Jump—4 ft. 3 in.; Blanche Finch, Junior High Jump—4 ft. 2½ ins.

Ettie Rainsberry was the Senior Champion; Enid Whitling, the Intermediate Champion; and Blanche Finch, the Junior Champion.



**BASKETBALL**

This year the W.O.S.S.A. Basketball was discontinued because it was thought that too much time was spent on the few members of the team, and not enough on the girls as a whole. The game is therefore improved upon when one considers the school as a whole.

Free throw tournaments were also abolished.

For this year's tournament three different systems of basketball were introduced,—two court, three court and nine

court. The first forms played the nine court, the second forms the three court, and the higher forms with two courts. This was to get the juniors to gradually work up to better basketball and also provide keener competitions. Com. 1A were the junior winners, having no losses. The Intermediate champions were 1D Coll., who finished with a tie with 2C Coll., and had to play an extra game. 4B Coll. were the Senior champions, with 4A as close runners up.

**VOLLEY-BALL AND
SOFTBALL**

Volley-ball is played in the months of February and March. There is keen competition, as it has been played for quite a few years and everyone understands it. The winners were: Senior, Coll. 5A; Intermediate, Coll. 2C; Junior, Com. 1A.

Softball takes place on the campus in

the spring and autumn. The winners were: Senior, Sp. Com.; Intermediate, Coll. 2B; Junior, Coll. 1A.

DANISH ROUNDERS

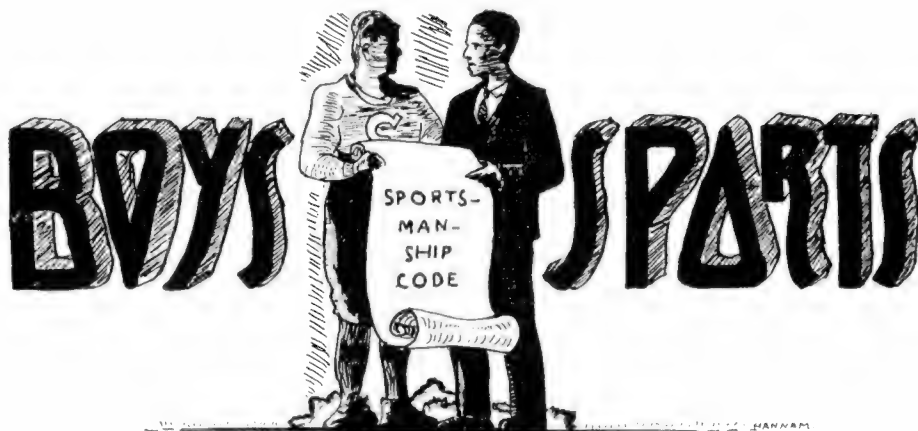
Danish Rounders is a new game that Miss Ramsden has added to give extra opportunity for interform games. The winners were: Senior, Coll. 4B; Intermediate, Coll. 2B; Junior, Coll. 1C.



In the last two years additional activities have been added, which are Danish Rounders, Badminton, Dancing, and also Soccer. In these activities the use of the Round Robin tournaments instead of the elimination system has greatly increased the number of games played by each participant.

A large part of the fall term is devoted to soccer. It is quite poor soccer but very much fun, as the teams have the twenty-two players endeavoring to kick the ball at one time. On account of bad weather the winners have not been chosen, but the leading teams were: Senior, Coll. 3B; Intermediate, Coll. 2A; and Junior, Coll. 1A.





BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

OFFICERS

President—Thomas Doohan.

Vice-President—Logan MacKenzie.

Secretary-Treasurer—William Doohan.

This year saw a few new faces in the Boys' Athletic Executive, due to the graduation of some of the older members. The members of the Executive were chosen by those who are the most active in each line of sport. The representative in each case was in charge of his section, and was fully responsible for the way in which the activity was carried out. Meetings were held once a month and whenever else it was deemed necessary.

Last year the Executive sponsored the "Snappy Snatches" which, due to the efforts of the Executive and the efforts of Mr. Mendizabal, was an outstanding success in every way. This year the Execu-

tive sponsored a similar show called "High School Highlights" which was even a greater success than the show of last year.

The annual "Assault-At-Arms" was held during the first part of April and it was also a grand success, both financially and in that it was enjoyed by everyone.

The representatives of the Executive are as follows: Cadets—Thomas Doohan; Rugby—Irwin Fraser and Arthur Hueston; Boxing and Wrestling—Donald McGillivray; Gymnastics—Logan MacKenzie; Basketball—Owen Lockhart; Shooting—Bill Doohan; Track—Joe Woodcock.

 SENIOR RUGBY

S.C.I. 3—OLD BOYS 11.

This year the faithful supporters of the Senior Collegiate team were treated to a pleasant surprise, in the fight and willingness displayed by each member of the squad. The coach, Mike Fitzgibbon, per-

formed wonders with the raw material that turned out in September for practice. The Annual Old Boys game was played in torrid weather, at the Athletic Park. The Collegians proved to the fans that they had a strong line and a good



BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row—Joe Woodcock, Irwin Fraser, Owen Lockhart, Arthur Hueston, Donald McGillivray.
Front Row—Bill Doohan, Mr. Mendizabal, Tom Doohan, Logan MacKenzie.

kicker. Jones kicked well throughout the entire game and it was a beautiful field goal, from his toe, which gave the students their only points. It was just another case of experience versus inexperience, with the experienced team always winning out.

S.C.I. 7—LONDON SOUTH 6.

The opening game of the W.O.S.S.A. was played at the Athletic Park, Wednesday, October 26, in a sea of mud. The Homesters got off to a good start by nosing out London South 7-6. Both teams fought hard throughout the game with the locals having an edge in line play, while the speedy London backs made many good gains around the ends. A fast London end man scooped up a Sarnia fumble and crossed the coveted goal line

for the only major score of the game. McHale was the outstanding gainer for the visitors, while the powerful line, and consistent kicking by Jones featured the Sarnia attack. Sarnia's score was made by seven rouges.

S.C.I. 10—LONDON SOUTH 5

The return game with London South was played at Tecumseh Park, in London. The field was in fine shape and both teams were ready to give all they had. London opened the scoring by accepting a Sarnia fumble for a touchdown which they did not convert. The half ended with London South in the lead, by a 5-4 score. After half time the Sarnia boys fought hard to offset the advantage gained by London in the first half, and were rewarded with a major score by O. Lock-



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Wilfred Lindsay, Edgar Leckie, Harry Turnbull, Don McGillivray, Dave Doherty, Roy Fleming, Homer Lockhart, Osmond Dobbins, James Genner, Bill Carter, Art Hueston, Mr. Asbury, Irwin Fraser (Mgr.)
Front Row—Dick Pearson, Douglas Henderson, Frank Mollitor, Owen Lockhart, Keith McMillan (Capt.), Harold Kelly, Herb Jackson, Cliff Jones, Stewart Brydon.

hart, with Jones adding the extra point. The outstanding feature of the game was a sensational 100 yard run by "Herb" Jackson just as the final whistle blew, giving the S.C.I. & T.S. squad, their group honours.

S.C.I. 0—WINDSOR 7

The first game of the W. O. S. S. A. semi-finals was played in Sarnia, against Kennedy Collegiate, with a record crowd in attendance. It was a clean, hard-fought game throughout the entire sixty minutes, with the S.C.I. squad showing a distinct advantage in line play, while the Kennedy halves gained repeatedly with well-timed end runs. One bright feature of the game was the inspired playing of the two insides, McGillivray and Carter. With less than three minutes to go and the score still tied 0-0, Alexander, the smart Kennedy left-half skirted Sarnia's left end and sprinted 20 yards for a touchdown which Young converted. In the dying seconds of the game a Sarnia fumble gave Windsor the ball on Sarnia's 25 yard mark from where they promptly added another point with a long kick to the dead line.

S.C.I. 6—WINDSOR 16

This year Kennedy Collegiate duplicated their feat of last season, that of eliminating the Sarnia Collegiate team in the race for the W.O.S.S.A. title. During the first half both teams fought on fairly even terms, with Sarnia holding a slight advantage due to their remarkable line-play. Soon after the beginning of the third quarter a Sarnia fumble gave the Kennedy squad its first touchdown and this began an offensive drive which netted Kennedy 16 points. In the final quarter, Sarnia, led by the plunging of Jim MacDonald and H. Lockhart, and the consistent kicking of Jones, scored 5 points. The final score was 16-6 in favour of Kennedy Collegiate, who earned the right to enter the W.O.S.S.A. finals against Galt Collegiate.

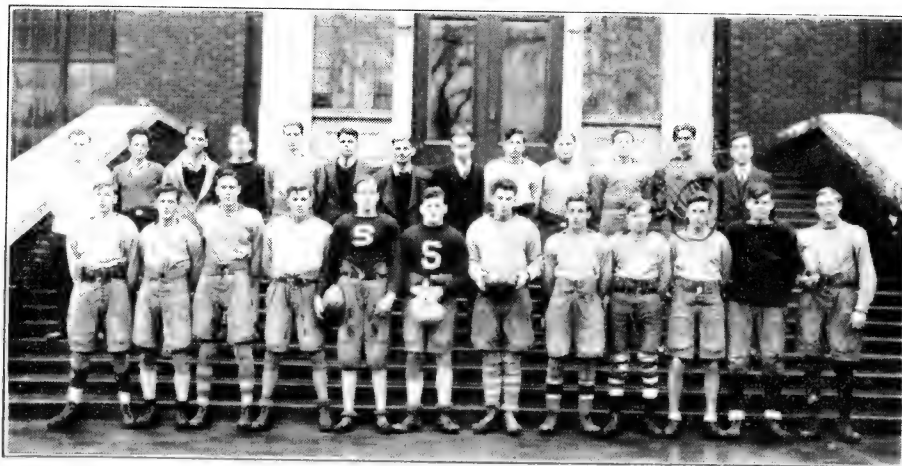
PERSONNEL OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Coach—Mike Fitzgibbon.
L. Half—Keith MacMillan (Capt.)
F. Wing—Owen Lockhart.
Snap—Arthur Hueston.
L. Inside—Bill Carter.
L. Middle—Homer Lockhart.
L. End—Douglas Henderson.



R. Half—Harold Kelley.
 C. Half—Clifford Jones.
 Quarter—Edgar Leckie.
 R. Inside—Donald McGillivray.
 R. Middle—James MacDonald.
 R. End—Richard Pearson.
 SPARES
 Inside—O. Dobbins.

Quarter—Harry Turnbull.
 End—Dave Doherty.
 Half—Roy Fleming.
 Middle—Frank Mollitor.
 Snap—Stewart Brydon.
 End—Jim Genner.
 Half—Herb. Jackson.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Top Row, left to right—F. E. O'Donohue (Coach), Robert Tessier, Jack Ridler, Clifford Miller, Kitchener Jones, Irving Morrissey, Bob Thorpe (Trainer), George Gough, George Thompson, Abie Lampel, Duncan Tolmie, Tony Mondoux, F. C. Asbury.
 Bottom Row, left to right—Jim Shanks, Don Thompson, Bill Hutchinson, George Fordyce, Bob Isbister, Donald Gordon, Dean Dailey, Ted Parsons, Jack Milner, Richard Gates, Archie MacMillan, Gordon Eveland.

JUNIOR RUGBY

SARNIA 20—WALLACEBURG 1
 October 1

The S. C. I. Juniors opened the Junior W.O.S.S.A. series in Sarnia by defeating Wallaceburg. The game opened by Sarnia booting well into Wallaceburg territory giving them a chance for a touch in goal which they took. The visitors were unable to stop the Sarnia line drives which netted them three touchdowns, two of which were converted by Dailey and Hutchinson. During the game Duchene of Wallaceburg and Gough of Sarnia made several splendid runs.

SARNIA 13—CHATHAM 5
 October 6

Hutchinson punted to Calder who was thrown on his own two yard line. In the next play Sarnia registered a safety touch. In the second quarter Thompson recovered a fumble and ran thirty yards for a touchdown which Eveland converted. In the next quarter Chatham registered a try when a long forward pass was thrown by Calder to Coulter. On an extension run Hutchinson ran thirty yards for a touchdown. There was no scoring in the last quarter.



WALLACEBURG 8—SARNIA 5
October 11

Wallaceburg turned the tables on the S. C. I. by tackling behind Sarnia's goal line for a rouge. Duchene plunged through for a touchdown which was converted. In the next quarter he also kicked to Sarnia's deadline. Dailey of Sarnia scored a touchdown for Sarnia.

SARNIA 2—CHATHAM 0
October 25

Sarnians saw a hard fought battle when both teams presented a stone wall. Calder of Chatham threw several passes which went thirty yards but, fortunately for Sarnia, none of the receivers got away. Hutchinson for Sarnia netted two points by his fine kicking.

SARNIA 10—ST. THOMAS 6
October 29

Although a lighter team, the S. C. I. Juniors had a score of 6-0 in their favour at half time. St. Thomas started a drive down the field which netted them a touchdown and a convert which tied the score. However, Sarnia managed to score four more points to win the game.

ST. THOMAS 8—SARNIA 6
October 29

Sarnia, smart in taking advantage of the breaks, recovered a St. Thomas fumble in the first quarter and carried the ball for a touchdown and a convert. In a wild rally St. Thomas scored a touchdown and then two more points in the last quarter. However, Sarnia won the round by two points.

SARNIA 12—WINDSOR PATERSON 7
November 12

The Juniors entered the semi-finals by defeating Windsor in an interesting game. In the first quarter Windsor kicked to Sarnia's deadline. The second quarter was full of thrills, Mondoux of Sarnia C. I. fell on a loose ball and secured a touchdown. Powell ran through the entire Sarnia team for a try. Dailey retaliated by getting a try.

WINDSOR PATERSON 2—SARNIA 1
November 25

This game was played in a sea of mud and water and consequently good football was out of the question. It consisted of several short punts and many fumbles. Windsor was more at home in the mud and obtained two points.

GALT 6—SARNIA 0
December 4

The Sarnia Juniors lost to Galt C. I. in a sudden death game for the W.O.S. S.A. Championship. The Juniors, after a spectacular climb to the finals, lost to a better team. However, they tested the Scotch team to the limit. In the first three quarters Sarnia played a defensive game. In the last quarter Sarnia tried hard, Isbister and Gordon making big holes in the line. Several forward passes were tried but one was fatal for Sarnia when Briggs of Galt intercepted it and got a touchdown. Galt was too much for us. We salute you, Galt, as worthy Junior W.O.S.S.A. Champions!

GYM TEAM

Our Gym Team was very successful last year, winning every competition in which it was entered. Most of the credit for the success of the team goes to Mr. Mendizabal who was untiring in his instruction of the team.

In September the school entered two

teams in competition for the Junior Gymnastic Team Championship of Canada. This competition is held every year at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto and is open to any gym team in Canada. The first team for the S. C. I. & T. S. repeated their success of the pre-

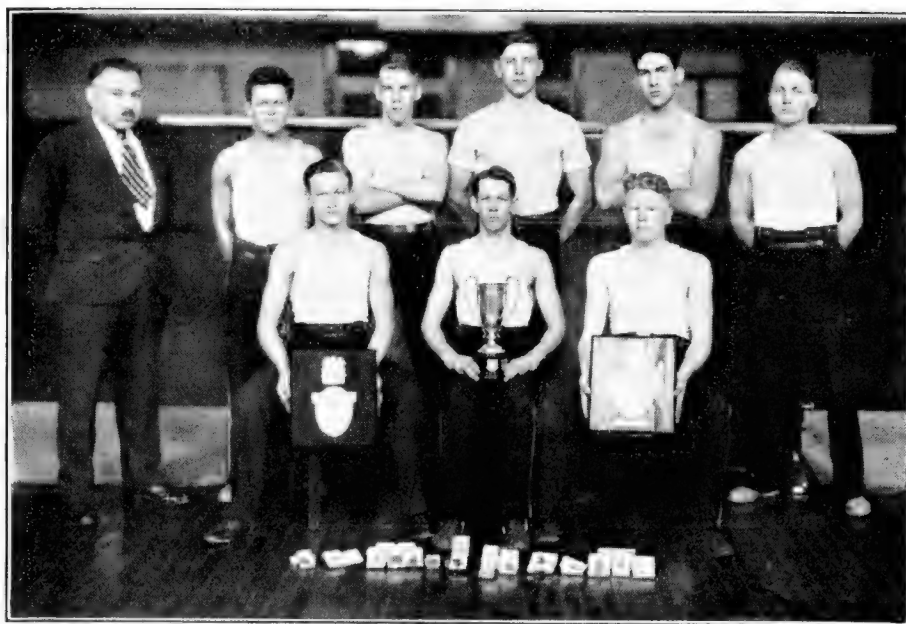


vious year and again won the Junior Championship of Canada with a total of 757 points, to the 545 points of the team from Hamilton Delta C. I. which came second. The second team from the school came third with 540 points. Logan MacKenzie retained the all-round Junior Championship of Canada which he won in 1931. MacKenzie came first on three of the four apparatus; namely, parallels, mats and side horse. L. Smith came second on side horse, second on the mats, and third in the all-round. Members of

the first team were: Logan MacKenzie, Lyle Smith, and Donald MacGregor.

Members of the second team were: Harry Turnbull, Harland Tennant and Donald McGillivray.

Smith entered the competition for the Senior Tumbling Championship of Canada. This competition was open to anyone from any country. There were nineteen competitors representing such centres as Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Winnipeg. Smith came third to Jackson of Hamilton and Kayzor of Winnipeg.



GYM TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Mendizabal (Coach), Harry Turnbull, Harland Tennant, Herb. Jackson, Owen Lockhart, Don McGillivray.

Front Row—Lyle Smith, Logan MacKenzie, Don McGregor.

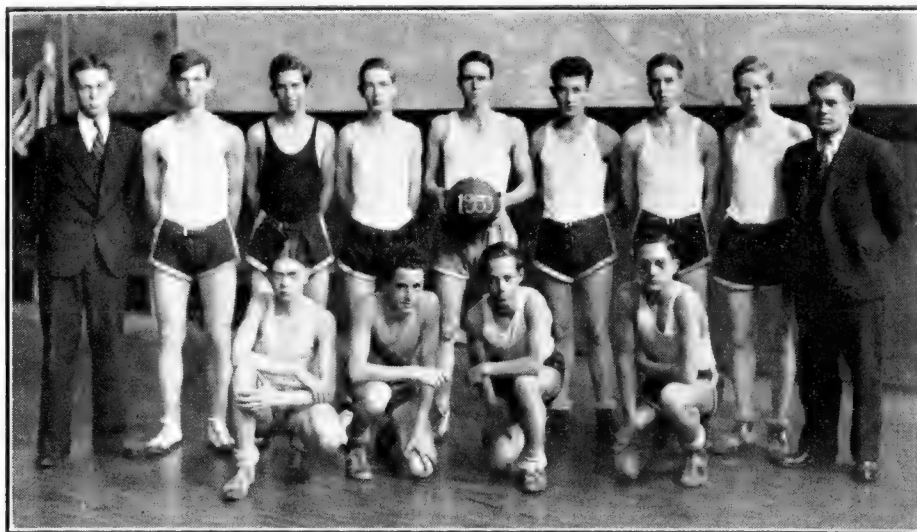
JUNIOR BASKETBALL

PETROLIA 25—SARNIA 24

After a long wait for the W.O.S.S.A. games, Sarnia met Petrolia. The game was slow at first but very fast and exciting at the finish. A ten-minute overtime period had to be played to break the tie of 24-24. Sarnia emerged on the short end of it.

SARNIA 18—PETROLIA 12

In the return game played in Sarnia, the Petrolia boys were outclassed, although Hay made some very fine shots. The stellar performance of Cote greatly aided Sarnia in winning the round.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—George Gough (Mgr.), Archie McMillan, George Thompson, James Shanks, Bill Hutchinson (Capt.), Dean Dailey, Kitchener Jones, Roger Anderson, Mr. O'Donohue (Coach).
Kneeling—James Hollinger, Bob Tessier, Constant Cote, Bernard Chamberlain.

SARNIA 12—STRATHROY 11

Strathroy and Sarnia were evenly matched and neither could get much advantage of the other. However, by clever plays the S. C. I. won the game by one point.

SARNIA 11—STRATHROY 34

At Strathroy the Juniors got a surprise when there was a complete change of form for both teams and Strathroy emerged victorious by the convincing score of 34-11, thus earning the right to advance in the series.



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

OLD BOYS 8—S. C. I. 26

Quite unlike in previous years, this year's school team defeated the experienced Old Boys by a score of 26-8. The game was played in the school gymnasium on December 29 and was a much closer contest than the score would indicate. The Old Boys showed a lack of practice in shooting, but their ball handling was much superior to that of the younger boys from the school. The school team showed great promise for their future W.O.S.S.A. games.

FOREST C. I. 9—S. C. I. 47

This year the Senior Basketball team was grouped with Forest and Watford. In the first game with Forest, the locals took an early lead and were not threatened at any time throughout the contest. Although the Forest team lacked experience, and were constantly baffled by the American style of the Seniors, under the coaching of Bob Parsaca, they kept fighting until the end. Later in the season the S. C. I. team was given a bye in their district because Watford and Forest forfeited their remaining games to Sarnia.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—Homer Lockhart (Mgr.), Keith MacMillan, Herb Jackson, Harold Kelly, Owen Lockhart, Cliff Jones (Capt.), Joe Woodcock, Gordon Tessier, Bob Parsaca (Coach).
Seated—Bill Doohan, Roy East, Douglas Henderson, Bill Carter.

LONDON T. S. 10—S. C. I. 21

The first game with London Tech. was very close, but the locals had the slight edge in play and in the score. The score at the end of the first half was 9-0 for the S. C. I. During the last half both teams played a steady, unhurried game until the end. The locals used a zone defence which proved very effective. After the game both teams were given a dainty luncheon in the cafeteria, by Miss Ramsden and a few of the girls.

LONDON T. S. 27—S. C. I. 18

The return game with London Tech.

was very thrilling, in spite of the Sarnia team's reversal of form. London opened the scoring with a basket from a neat tip-off play, but Jackson evened the count. The two teams battled on practically even terms throughout the game, with London having the edge in scoring. The lead gained by Sarnia in the first game was often seriously threatened. The final whistle blew with London Tech. winning the game 27-18, but Sarnia won the round by two points. For Sarnia, Reid, Kelly and Jones stood out while Wilkes of London Tech. led the scorers with 17 points.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The first W. O. S. S. A. Tournament for Senior Boys, was held on March 17th and 18th, at Kennedy Collegiate Gymnasium, in Windsor. The schools represented were: Windsor, Walkerville Technical School, Aylmer Collegiate Institute, Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate Institute and Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School. Sarnia drew Aylmer for

the second game on Friday night and were eliminated by a score of 25-20. During the first half, Sarnia played very much below their usual form and the score at half-time was 14-3 for Aylmer. In the third quarter the Sarnia boys found themselves, more or less, and the score at the end of the third quarter was 21-10, but it was not until the final quar-



ter that the S. C. I. team really played the basketball they were capable of playing, but their rally came a few minutes too late and the final score was 25-20 for Aylmer. Reid, Henderson and Kelly played well for Sarnia while Foy and Harrington stood out for the Aylmer team.

Windsor-Walkerville Technical School easily defeated Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate in the first game on Friday night, the score being 39-15.

On Saturday night, Sarnia played off with Kitchener-Waterloo and won a close game by a score of 21-18. The quarter time score was 11-6 for K.-W. C. I. During the second period Sarnia did all the

scoring to bring the count at half time 13-11 for Sarnia, and from then on they were never headed. Reid, Jones and Jackson were the outstanding players for Sarnia while Scott and Mitchell played well for K.-W. C. I.

Windsor-Walkerville Technical School won their first W. O. S. S. A. basketball championship in nine years by defeating Aylmer; the score was 26-13. The W. O. S. S. A. standing for 1932-33:

1. Windsor - Walkerville Technical School.
2. Aylmer Collegiate Institute.
3. Sarnia C. I. & T. S.
4. Kitchener - Waterloo Collegiate Institute.

FIELD DAY

THIS year many records were bettered in Annual Field Day. Ideal weather conditions prevailed and there was a good attendance of spectators.

The individual champions for the boys were:

Senior—Logan Mackenzie; 2, Keith McMillan.

Intermediate—Vern Boyington; 2, Doucher & LeNeve.

Junior—L. Craig; 2, Milner and Chong.

Juvenile—O. Moore; 2, Clatworthy and Mendizabal.

New records were made as follows:

JUVENILE

High Jump—O. Moore, 4' 3".

Running Broad Jump—O. Moore, 13' 2".

JUNIOR

440 yd.—Willie Chong, 72 2-5 seconds.

220 yd.—L. Craig, 28 2-5 seconds.

100 yd.—L. Craig, 12 2-5 seconds.

Running Broad—W. Chong, 14' 2".

8 lb. Shot Put—A. McMillan, 36' 8".

Discus Throw—L. Craig, 57' 3".

Pole Vault—R. Tessier, 9' 2".

INTERMEDIATE

Running Broad—V. Boyington, 16' 1".

Running High Jump—LeNeve, 5' 3".

16 lb. Shot Put—V. Boyington, 24.3 ft.

Discus—J. Burgess, 76.6 ft.

SENIOR

220 yd.—K. McMillan, 26 sec.

Mile Run—K. McMillan, 5 min. 35 1-5 sec.

Running Broad—L. Mackenzie, 18 ft.

Running High—L. Mackenzie, 5' 2".

16 lb. Shot Put—K. McMillan, 29.85 ft.

Pole Vault—L. Mackenzie, 8.6 ft.

Discus—H. Jackson, 89 ft.

The results of the competitions for Senior Boys were as follows:

100 yd.—Austin, McMillan, Moore.

220 yd.—McMillan, Mackenzie, Austin.

440 yd.—McMillan, Austin.

880 yd.—Mackenzie, O. Lockhart.

Pole Vault—Mackenzie, L. Smith.

Running Broad—Mackenzie, Gilroy.

Running High—Mackenzie, Stevenson.

Shot Put—McMillan, Moore.

Discus—Jackson, McMillan.

Senior Champion—L. Mackenzie, 24 pts.; 2nd, K. McMillan, with 23 points.



THE JOKER



Mr. Dennis—"Can you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
Helen Ingersoll—"I don't know or I'd take some myself."

* * * * *
Mr. Dent—"Where do you get KCL?"
Turnbull—"Oh, just above WJR."

* * * * *
Cook (in typing room)—"Say Harry, do you file your finger nails?"
McKaigue—"No, I throw them away."

* * * * *
Author (on ocean trip)—"I have contributed to the Atlantic Monthly."
Sea-sick Passenger—"That's nothing. I contribute to it daily."

* * * * *
1st Stude—"Are all teachers book-worms?"
2nd Ditto—"All except geometry teachers."
1st Ditto—"How's that?"
2nd Ditto—"Oh, they're angle worms."

* * * * *
Etta—"Does your dog chase cows, Madeline?"
Madeline—"No, it's a bull dog."

* * * * *
Joe (looking at giraffe)—"Some neck."
Gladys—"Yes, but I don't."

* * * * *
Stella—"I dreamed I was dancing with you last night."
Stick—"Oh, Stella, you thrill me!"
Stell—"Yah, and then I woke up and found my kid brother pounding my feet with a flatiron."

* * * * *
Miss Weir—"What's miscellaneous?"
Harry—"Miscellaneous is the greatest man in Italy."

* * * * *
Bill Carter—"I want to see something cheap in a straw hat,"
Clerk—"Put this on and look in the mirror,"



Owen—"Dad, Dad, come quick! Homer just drank the bottle of ink."
Mr. Lockhart—"Never mind, do your homework in pencil."

* * * *

Walter Johnston—"Will you scream if I kiss you?"
Jeanne—"Little girls should be seen, not heard."

* * * *

Tessier—"I can't find my running shoes."
Austin—"Why don't you follow the scent?"

* * * *

Nellie Noddlevitch—"May I see the captain?"
Steward—"He's forward, miss."
Nell—"That's all right. I've been out with the boys of the S. C. I."

* * * *

And then there was the inmate of the insane asylum who couldn't get a bolt
screwed in, so he took some whiskey and then the nut was tight.

* * * *

Maizie—(thinking of ?)—"Je t'adore!"
Marg.—"Shut it yourself."

* * * *

Huck—"Hey, you're walking all over my feet!"
Hackney—"Well, that's easier than walking around them."

* * * *

Mr. Fielding tells us times are so hard that the wool the politicians
are pulling over our eyes is half cotton.

* * * *

Les—"So he's a good card player, eh?"
Kane—"Yes. He's reached the pinochle of success."

* * * *

Miss McLachlin—"Oh, for the love of Peter!"
Tech. 2 Girls (intrigued)—"Who is he?"

* * * *

Burden—"Look out, Garnet, or I'll eat you!"
Garnet—"Well, if you do you'll have more brains in your stomach than in your head."

* * * *

"Hod work, eh?" queried the village wit of the bricklayer.

* * * *

Salesman—"These shirts simply laugh at the laundry."
Kelly—"Yah, I know. I had some come back with their sides split."

* * * *

Marg.—"When they caught Napoleon they kept him pretty well cooped up, didn't
they?"

Jeanne—"Yes. They didn't give him much Elba room."

* * * *

Jack—"Do you get hungry in History?"
Marg.—"No. Miss Harris is always stuffing us with dates and current events."

* * * *

Mr. Ensor—"How does a bell ring?"
Allingham—"Ding dong, ding dong."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Leckie, tell us something about the age of Elizabeth."
Leckie—"Oh, I think about twenty."



A native of Ireland started away on his first trip. Never having been at a railway station, he did not know how to get his ticket, but, seeing a lady going in, he decided to follow her lead. The lady went to the ticket window, and putting down her money said: "Maryhill, single."

Next in line was the Irishman, who promptly planked down his money and said: "Patrick Murphy, married."

* * * *

Bill (at 2 a.m.)—"Well, I must be off."

Billie—"That's what I thought when I met you."

* * * *

Mr. Dennis—"Dust, dust! Don't you know what dust is?"

Roy—"Sure, mud with the juice taken out."

* * * *

Father—"You want a new dress! Say, dresses don't grow on trees."

Doris—"The first one did."

* * * *

Miss Halliday—"Will you tell me something that will make bread?"

Mildred—"Sure, rye will."

* * * *



Cop: "Where d'u think you're going?"

Vag.: Gonna see the boss of this railway—I believe I'm on 'his tracks'."

* * * *

Mr. Dobbins—"Do you know how the buzz saw works now?"

Bert—"Yes, I just caught on to it."

* * * *

Art—"I want a ham sandwich."

Waiter—"Will you eat it here, or take it with you?"

Hueston—"I hope to do both."

* * * *

Gert (at party)—"There's something about this party that bores me."

Bob—"That's what I say."

Gert—"Right you are."



Mr. Graham—"I suppose you send plows to every country on the face of the earth?"
 Plow Manufacturer—"I'll till the world!"

* * * *

Jack—"You're my idea of a girl."

Grace—"Well, I hope you're the kind who believes in driving an idea home."

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"If you had a steak and you divided it into equal parts what would you have?"

Herb—"Halves."

Mr. Andrews—"And then if you divided the halves into equal parts again?"

Herb—"Quarters."

Mr. A—"And if you divided it again?"

Herb—"Eighths."

Mr. A—"And again?"

Herb—"Sixteenths."

Mr. Andrews—"Again?"

Herb—"Hamburger!"

* * * *

A "PRETTIE" LITTLE POEM

There is a lad in our school
 And he is wondrous wise;
 Whate'er profession he takes up
 That lad is sure to rise.

Debates to him are apple pie,
 He has no competition;
 His victories, such certainties,
 Grow stale by repetition.

In chemistry he's marvellous,
 In Algebra—sublime;
 He just delights in Geometry,
 He does it all the time.

There's not a thing he doesn't know
 Of forces and dynamics,
 And often to the teacher he
 Explains Fifth Form Mechanics.

In later life this lad will own
 Great riches, power and pelf;
 I know all this is true because
 He told me so himself.

* * * *

Dick—"Boy, is she dumb!"

Tom—"Yah. She thinks the Salvation Army uniform is called a coat-of-arms."

Harry—"Yah, and her brother is just as dumb."

Dick—"How's that?"

Harry—"Well, Mr. Mendizabal told him he should take boxing lessons and he went up to see Mr. Robb, the undertaker."

* * * *

Mr. Dent says the modern College of Pharmacy is a sort of Sundae School.

* * * *

Mother (calling store)—"Is this a man's furnishing store?"

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am."

Mater—"Well, I wish you'd furnish my daughter with a young man who doesn't smoke, drink, or stay out at nights."

* * * *

The wit says when a man's home brew is a success it usually goes to his head.



Through the courtesy and co-operation of Miss Burriss we are able to provide the students of Business English with a rare treat. She has willingly permitted us to display her prized and valuable collection of misplaced apostrophies, commas, and several dropped "h's" and antique asterisks.

' , for ; ? !! * h , : () [! ?]

Miss Burriss' collection is one of the most complete in the country, and has been gathered after much care and painstaking effort.

The handsome apostrophe at the left is the one Napoleon wrongly put in the form "its" when he gave commands at Waterloo, and the leading grammarians of the day agree that it was largely responsible for Nap's downfall. Miss Burriss is especially proud of it, and keeps it locked up in a wall-safe in some wallflowers in her garden.

The comma next in line is the one left out of Caesar's speech to Brutus. Miss Burriss purchased it from an old comma collector in Point Edward.

The colonial semicolon is the one flaw in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Abe used it instead of a capital T, and when he realized his mistake, hid it in shame behind an old chest in the attic of One-Eye Connelly's grandfather where Miss Burriss found it after many years of anxious searching.

The students will also recognize in the collection several famous punctuation marks that were on everybody's tongue until Miss Burriss got hold of them.

The delicate "h" aspirate is one which Mr. Southcombe dropped when teaching a class in Miss Burriss' room, and which she found lying on the floor when she returned the next period.

* * * *

Uncle—"The trouble with you boys of today is that you want to make too much money.

Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew—"No, and I'll bet you didn't either."

* * * *

Brown (at party)—"I move we make it a rough-house."

Alec—"I se-ond the commotion."

* * * *

Dot (in pantry preparing meal)—"I must apo'logize for my untidiness in keeping the pantry."

Mary (help'ng)—"Yes, you ought to be ashamed of your shelf."

* * * *

Bert—"What is home without a mother?"

Thelma—"I am tonight."

* * * *

George—"My girl went to the country and I haven't seen her for almost a month."

Don—"What, a month?"

George—"Yah, what a month."

* * * *

The female punster says she wouldn't mind going boating with her boy friends if they'd mind their rowin' business.

* * * *

Archie—"I'll bet you were mad when you caught that skunk."

Dave—"Yes, I was highly incensed."



Dorothy—"Miss Martin, if I bought a dozen oranges and then gave one to each of six little boys on the way home, what would I have when I got home?"

Miss Martin—"Six oranges."

Dot—"No, some orangeade!"

* * * *

Dick (ardently)—"Sweetheart, you are the breath of life to me!"

Betty—"Well don't hold your breath too long."

* * * *

Dorothy—"It's the hour of midnight, the hour when miracles happen."

Ben—"I think—"

Dorothy—"There! Didn't I tell you."

* * * *

Miss Halliday—"Well Edith, why are you standing there?"

Edith—"Well, it says here: 'Add milk and sugar and don't stir'."

* * * *

Miss Welman says needlework has its fine points.

* * * *

The old wit says some people become breathless from excitement, but some use Listerine.

* * * *

III-C (*With apologies to Joyce Kilmer*)

I think that I shall never see
 Pupils as noble as in III-C,
 Pupils whose burdened minds are prest
 With work that never gives them rest,
 Pupils who come to school each day
 And lift their eager arms to say
 Why Mg. burns with a brilliant flare
 Or "Caesar conatus est bellum gerere",
 Pupils, who in gym their muscles strain,
 Now intimately live with pain.
 Schools are made of fools like me,
 But just the same I like III-C.

* * * *

1st Wrestler—"How much for throwing this match?"

2nd Wrestler—"You can put me down for \$500.

* * * *

He (hands over her eyes)—"If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

She—"Jack Frost, Davey Jones, Santa Claus."

* * * *

Waiter—"It looks like rain, doesn't it, Sir?"

Mr. Andrews (eating soup)—"Yes, and it tastes like carbolic acid."

* * * *

Ruth—"No, I'm not working. I'm going to live by my wits."

Jean—"Yes, but there's no use doing things by halves."

* * * *

Vera—"I guess I'll have to get some flea powder for my dog."

George—"What kind of a dog is it?"

Vera—"A Pomeranian."

George—"So you've got an itching Pom."



Mr. Lockhart—"Here, you boys quit fighting and I'll give you each a nickel. It's worth it to keep peace in the family."

Homer—"Ha, a ten-cent peace."

* * * *

Miss Walker—"Mary, can you give me a sentence using the word loquacious?"

Mary—"Sure. My sister often bumps into people because she doesn't loquacious she's going."

* * * *

Mr. Brush—"Yes, I suppose it would be hard to acquire a taste for religious songs."

Newt—"No, it wouldn't be so hard to a choir."

* * * *

Mr. Fielding—"If you're such a crack shot with a gun I'll toss up my hat and you see if you can hit it."

Doochan—"Sorry, but mine is a cap pistol."

* * * *

Sue—"If the heart isn't the seat of love, what is?"

Hank—"The Chesterfield."

* * * *

1st Co-ed—"There's that nice young man who turned out for the rowing team."

2nd Same—"Yes. He's a gentleman and a sculler."

* * * *

Bill—"Bob sure is mad at the hula-hula dancer."

Bert—"Is he?"

Bill—"Yah. He says she's a snake in the grass."

* * * *

Miss Walsh—"You know, Woodcock, you'll never have your name inscribed in the Hall of Fame."

Joe—"Perhaps not. But I'd rather have people asking why it isn't there, than why it is there."

* * * *

Joe—"How I like that song I just sang! It will haunt me forever."

Jim—"It ought to. You murdered it."

* * * *

He—"Maybe I'm not so hot, but I have my brains and they're good."

She—"They're as good as new. They've never been used."

* * * *

Mr. Mendizabal—"And another exercise that is good for the health is skipping rope."

Mr. Ensor—"I suppose so, but I hate to give up my cigar."

* * * *

Miss Burriss—"Now, Doctor, I want you to take out my tonsils, my adenoids, my appendix, my—"

Doctor—"Say, that will be about enough out of you."

* * * *

Ken—"How's the pigeon-raising coming along?"

John—"Oh, the overhead's terrible."

* * * *

Marie (in cosmetics department, serving Kelly)—"What's the matter, can't you remember the kind of lipstick your girl told you to get?"

Kelly—"Yes, I got it on the tip of my tongue."

* * * *

The Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman entered the speakeasy. The Englishman stood a round, the Irishman stood a round, and the Scotsman stood around.



Salesman—"Yes, these gut violin strings are very good."

Allan—"Aren't they the cat's!"

* * * *

When Brown heard about the man strangling his wife by putting her neck in a vice he said the fellow was a practical choker.

* * * *

Mr. Dent—"Tell me the appearance of the insect that threatens the cotton crop."

Zoology Student—"I know no Weevil."

* * * *

In spite of the hard times the Scotsman still can't get a two-pence suit.

* * * *

Frank—"Your girl friend called up and said she couldn't meet you today at all, and not to wait for her at six."

Doug—"Well, that's a wait off my mind."

* * * *

"Will you help me with the dishes?" said the burglar to his helper, as they entered the China Shop.

* * * *

1st Mischievous Youngster—"That's a nice flower-bed Mr. Burns has."

2nd M. Y.—"Yeah, it's one of the nicest I've run across yet."

* * * *

1st Movie Actor—"How did you feel when you sat next to your double at meal times?"

2nd Star—"Oh, I was beside myself."

* * * *

Missionary—"I suppose tonight's banquet will be quite a thrilling event."

Cannibal Cook—"Yes, you've no idea how much you'll be stirred."

* * * *

He—"Did you have an easy time winning the prize for the most efficient telephone operator?"

She—"Not so easy. It took a lot of plugging."

* * * *

Keith—"Do you know what counts in the taxicab business?"

Marie—"No, what?"

Keith—"The meter."

* * * *

Grace—"So you've been horseback riding with that handsome young fellow all after noon. Sit down and tell me about it."

Mabel—"I can't."

Grace—"You can't tell me about it?"

Mabel—"No, I can't sit down."

* * * *

The co-ed says that in choosing a lipstick good taste is important.

* * * *

Stewed Stude (to officer)—"Shay, ish dis the besht patrol wagon you've got?"

Copper—"No, but it'll do in a pinch."

* * * *

1st Scotch Golfer—"How's your health Sandy?"

2nd Same—"Fine."

1st Scot—"And how's the wife and caddies?"

* * * *

Clerk—"Here's the real thing in men's hose."

Collegian—"Gwan, the real thing doesn't come in men's hose."



Harold—"Do you suffer from pink tooth brush?"

Mike—"Yes."

Harold—"Then why don't you get a green one."

* * * *

Hank—"Why did you send your radio back?"

Scottie—"Oh, the music was all right, but the lights were too dim to read by."

* * * *

Ike—"You don't like Ella. Why?"

Mike—"I told her I'd like to see her home, and she said she'd send me a picture of it."

* * * *

Joe—"I asked Scarlatta if the grapefruit was juicy."

Jim—"Did he tell you?"

Joe—"No, but I read the answer in his eyes."

* * * *

Sailor (to bootlegger after storm)—"Quick, some port."

Rum Runner—"Red or white?"

Sailor—"Oh, any old port in a storm."

* * * *

Auctioneer—"What am I bid for this bridge lamp?"

Miss Burriss—"Two no-trump."

* * * *

Miss Walker—"Robert Burns wrote 'To a Fieldmouse'."

Voice from rear—"Did he get an answer?"

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"If I subtract twenty-three from eighty, what's the difference?"

Turnbull—"That's what I say. Why bother."

* * * *

Miss Weir—"Lockhart, why do they put a hyphen in bird-cage?"

Student—"For the bird to sit on."

* * * *

Prison Guard—"Ten prisoners have broken out!"

Warden—"Have you sounded the alarm?"

Guard—"No, I got the doctor. I think it's smallpox."

* * * *

Author—"This play is about rheumatism, flat-feet, and halitosis."

Publisher—"How come?"

Author—"Well, you said to put everything I had into it."

* * * *

And then Miss Harris told one of the boys if he didn't study he'd go down in history and the fellow felt proud and told his parents.

* * * *

Edna—"Would you rather have an ordinary wedding or, instead, elope at midnight?"

Flora—"I'll take the ladder."



Mabel tells us she entered the horse show and held her roan with the best of them.

* * * *

Oriental Dancer—"I am Madame Dufoische, the oriental dancer. I am glad to know you."

Harvey—"Shake!"

* * * *

Mr. Asbury—"Waiter, there's a fly in my honey."

Waiter—"Pardon, Monsieur, dat ess vitamin bee."

* * * *

Mr. Callum (looking at mud on car)—"Jack, what is this?"

Jack—"Oh, that is some of the traffic jam we got into last night."

* * * *

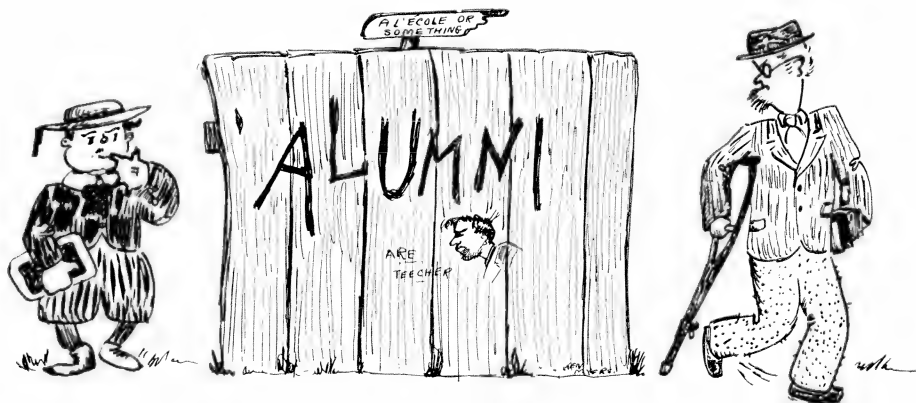
Lines Written in Chemistry Upon Observing the Sweet Slumber
of a Certain Youth

Sleep on, Oh J. McKellar, sleep,
The words of Dent roll over thee in vain
And with thy dimpled chin cupped in thy lily hand
Thou sleep'st the sleep of innocence again.
'Tis sweet to find in this dark world of strife
Where teachers their eternal vigil keep,
One who, in spite of swift-approaching June,
Can sleep.

* * * *



I don't claim to be a boxer—but—I had little trouble putting
Dempsey down on the canvas.



Due to the large attendance at school in the past few years, it is practically impossible to mention the names of those who have merely left school. This year just the graduates have been selected. But to those others who have left before the completion of their course (whatever be the cause), the "Collegiate" wishes the best of success and happiness for the future.

The University of Toronto has claimed some of our best graduates. They are Elsie Ritchie, Dora Burke, Dell Smith, David Stanley, and Nathan Jacks.

To Queen's University we have lost some of our best football players and a few others as well: Gordon Fraser, Tom Doherty, Earl Law, Jack Hall, and Donald Hillier.

Western University has taken under its wing Edna Richards, Donald McLeod and Jack Griffith.

At McMaster University Douglas Rhodes is working hard.

The London Normal School has a real S. C. I. representation in Reta Bradshaw, Dorothy Brown, Grace Dennis, Leone MacDougall, Violet Ross, Mabel Cruickshank, Isabelle English, Orville Mills, Orville Gibb, and Jack Needham.

At MacDonald Hall, Guelph: Anne Albinson and Margaret Hargrove.

At Agricultural College, Guelph, Claude Cook is busy winning scholarships.

MacDonald College, Quebec: Evelyn MacAdams.

Margaret Eaton School, Toronto: Joan Whitling.

Junior College, Port Huron: Jane Chong.

Sarnia Business College: Marion Mills and Ruth Harvey.

At the Western Hospital, Toronto, the Crandon sisters, Jennie and Helen, are nurses-in-training.

Margaret Rice and Gerald Dawson are in Ottawa; the former is attending Glebe Collegiate.

Howard Walker believed in getting a long way from home, so he went to South America.

Rachael Bernard is living in Toronto, Margaret Cobban is in Longwood and Hugh Whitebean is improving his French in Montreal. Roy Blay is in Northern Ontario. Margaret McKenna is now Mrs. Norris Mara, and Evelyn Carson is Mrs. Walter Claxton.



Several of our graduates were fortunate enough to secure positions in the city: Cecil Foster at McGibbon's Drug Store; Edith Dyble as a dental nurse for Dr. Jones; Harold Backman, Ralph Taylor and Fred Hewitt at the Imperial Oil; Walter Claxton at the Electric Auto-Lite; Theo Mathers at the Holmes Foundry; Clyde Genner in Logan & Logan's law office; Florence Hill in Lockhart's insurance office; Ross Hart for the Canadian National Express; Jack Lewis for his father; Betty Wright at Zeller's; Jim Geary in an A. & P. Store; Kathleen Hill as a dressmaker; Donna Churcher, John Houston, and Annie Krywicki are also working in the city.

A number of our graduates are residing at home: Alvin Henry, Helen Raymer, Beatrice Harris, R. Howe, Ken Williamson, Gertrude Lambley, Florence Delmage, Ray Mulligan, Ina Haley, Margaret Mead, Mary Gordon, Margaret Rollo, Alice Hutchinson, Clyde Smith, Eileen Brown, Jean Burgess, Flo Chate, Ruth Chisholm, Agnes Dewar, William Bradshaw, Harvey Garbutt and Nora Logan.



Minister. Salomage

June 1893

Mabel Couse
Sp.



THE COLLEGIATE

Autograph Page

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your joys by golden hours,
Never when life's worries call;
Count your nights by stars, not shadows;
Count your days by smiles, not tears;
And, on every birthday morning,
Count your age by friends, not years.

Bill

How Stuart
Sp. Salomage

Mulrahman
Helen Simpkins

W. L. L. L. L.

W. L. L. L. L.

W. L. L. L. L.

Jack C. C. C.

Gordon C. C.

Jessie C. C.

Reg. C. C.

Ruth Kirkpatrick

Leila Horney.

Mary C. C.

Cliff C. C.

W. L. L. L. L.

Wren Mulligan

Jean C. C.

Marie Hamellon

Joe Woodcock

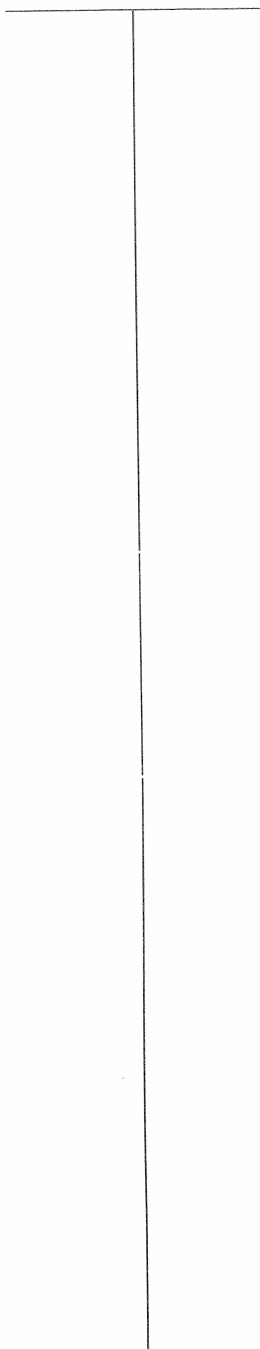
Edna C. C.

L. Ball.

Marie C. C.

W. L. L. L. L.

Felen C. C.

*Autograph Page*



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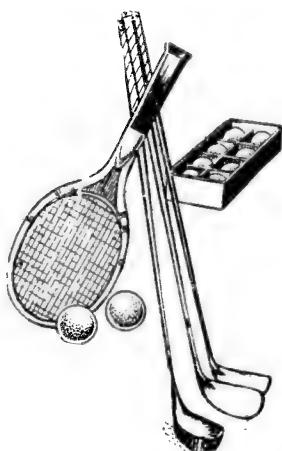
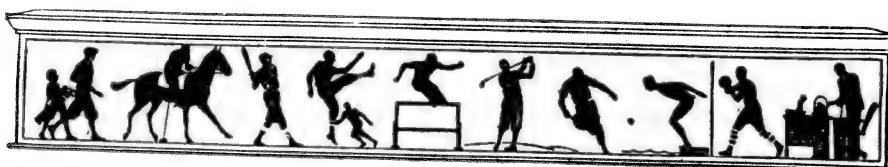
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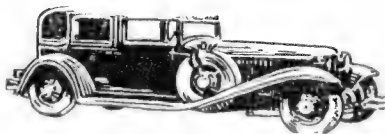
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